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PEN PICTURES OF HISTORY.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE'S LAST VISIT TO AMERICA.—WASHINGTON IN 1825.

THE winter of 1824-25 outrivaled any other in Washington in point of brilliancy.

It was the winter when the House of Representatives had to elect the President out from the three candidates, John Quincy Adams, Crawford, and Jackson, who had failed of an election by the people. When the electoral packets were opened neither of the candidates had received a majority of electoral votes.

It was during these days that Mr. George Ticknor, of Boston, presented a foreign gentleman to ex-President Adams. Politics was a tabooed subject, but just as they were to take their leave Mr. Adams asked Mr. Ticknor how the election was proceeding in the House. Mr. Ticknor replied that he understood it depended upon the vote of New York. Mr. Adams arose and exclaimed: "Then God help us! As boy and man I have known New York politics for seventy years, and her politics have always been among the devil's incomprehensibilities."

Daniel Webster and John Randolph were the tellers who opened the boxes and counted the ballots. Mr. Webster announced the election of John Quincy Adams. Mr. Adams, the 4th of March, 1825, took the place his father had filled twenty-eight years before and which Mr. Monroe had filled for the eight years previous.

Mr. Monroe was surrounded by men who De Tocqueville said "would have been intellectual giants in any period of the world."

John Marshall was Chief Justice, Henry Clay Speaker of the House; John C. Calhoun at one time his Secretary of War; Thomas H. Benton was Missouri's first Senator; John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State; William Wirt, Attorney-General; and General Marquis de Lafayette was the Nation's guest.

It is perhaps the era in which men and women live that often gives them the time and opportunity of stamping their influence upon the public. Nothing could have been more fitting than for Général Lafayette to have been the guest of this people at the time when President and Mrs. Monroe occupied the White House. It was during the time Mr. Monroe was Minister to France that Mrs. Monroe made her visit to Madame Lafayette in prison.

The lives of many women whose patience, patriotism, and courage should have made them renowned, passed out of memory and history with the century that witnessed their heroism. But the women of the nineteenth century can not afford to lose one jot or tittle more of the history of the brave, heroic, silent women of the past, whose privations, experiences, and noble deeds helped to stamp this country a free Republic.

Here is one: The Marquis de Lafayette was adored by the Americans. General Lafayette, in the overthrow of nations, was a prisoner in Austria; his wife a prisoner in Paris.

The indignities heaped upon her were resented by the American people. Mr. Monroe, weighing the matter on all sides, decided to risk international complexities and send his wife to see Madame Lafayette.

It can well be understood what the surprise must have been to the French officers to see the carriage of the American Minister stop before the prison, and the American Minister's wife alight and demand an interview with Madame Lafayette, with all the dignity with which she was so well equipped.

Her request was granted. But a few moments elapsed before the jailer returned bringing Madame Lafayette, attended by an officer.

That afternoon had been set for the high executioner to behead her. All day she had been listening for the dreaded

summons, and when she heard the footsteps of the jailer she supposed it was to summon her to execution.

We can only partly surmise what her surprise and joy must have been when it was announced to her that a friend, the wife of the American Ambassador, had called to see her. No wonder that when she came into the presence of this angel of light she sank at her feet exhausted.

When the call was over, Mrs. Monroe cheerfully said, "Keep up your courage, I shall be here to-morrow to see you."

She did not have to call again. This visit changed the plans of the officials, and Madame Lafayette was released from prison the next morning.

It is well known that she sent her son, George Washington, to America to the care of General George Washington, while she procured American passports, went to Vienna, had an interview with the empress and got consent to share her husband's imprisonment in all its details.

She entered his dungeon where they remained until the two most influential men of the world at that time, George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte, interested themselves and had them released after an imprisonment of five years for him and twenty-two months for Madame Lafayette.

When Mr. Monroe was Minister to France we were but a child among nations, and it required a man of marked genius to sustain America in her rights during the French Revolution, and yet for risking the chance of displeasing the government by sending his wife to visit Madame Lafayette, Mr. Monroe was recalled, while it took thirty years for the people to adjust this wrong, they did it by asking him to "go up higher." And when General Lafayette, an old man, stepped his foot again upon the land where he had won youthful glory, he found his friend occupying the highest place in the gift of his countrymen.

Republics are not ungrateful, except for a time—there always comes an aftertime when the gratitude of a free people will assert itself. So it was with Monroe and Lafayette when the news gradually and slowly spread itself over the land, as it necessarily had to in those days, that Lafayette had set sail for this country; one great wave of enthusiasm spread over

the land, and every man, woman, and child prepared to give him welcome.

Annie Royal, in her sketches, says that long before his arrival we had Lafayette ribbons, Lafayette waistcoats, Lafayette feathers, hats, caps, gloves, etc. Everything was honored by his image and superscription; even the ginger cakes bore the impress of his name. Nothing was heard in the streets but "Lafayette, Lafayette."

He landed in New York August 16, 1824.

He left Baltimore October 11, accompanied by the Mayor, the committee of arrangements, the Governor's aids and an escort of cavalry to Rossbury, where they stayed all night.

He was accompanied the next day by the same escort to the District of Columbia line, which was near the spot where General Ross ten years before had brought up his troops and made the attack on the American forces before he entered and burned Washington.

From manuscript letters of William Lee (written to his sisters then residing in Paris, which came into my hand through the courtesy of the late Doctor Lee, his nephew) I came upon some curious and interesting jottings read in the long afterglow of such events. Mr. William Lee became a warm friend of Lafayette during the years he lived in France as secretary to Joel Barlow, and later as consul to Bordeaux. Joel Barlow, be it remembered, was the author of the "Columbiad," but especially of that poem, "Hasty Pudding," which placed him at once among the writers of the world. This poem was written in an inn in Savoy, from the surprise of hasty pudding being placed before a party of Americans at supper.

Mr. Lee writes:

I was at the President's all day yesterday. He sent for me to consult about the reception of General Lafayette, as he did not like the arrangements of the corporation who proposed that the President and all the members of the court should join in the procession. This is what we concluded on: The corporation will meet the General at the city boundaries [it must be remembered that all travel by land in those days was by private conveyance], conduct him to the Capitol, address him there, and then proceed with him to the President's gates. Here he only, with his suite of a few Revolutionary officers, is to enter. The President will be surrounded by the heads of departments, officers of the court, and navy commissioners. General Brown will receive him in the saloon; none of

the city authorities or populace will be admitted. After this ceremony is ended, we shall deliver him to the corporation at the gates, and they will conduct him to Gadsby's, where eighty people are to dine with him.

Among other incidents of the occasion noted was one showing the human side of the social scale, as the balance tipped the point even in those days. Mr. Lee had sent notes of invitation to Mrs. Calhoun, Mrs. Clay, and others to occupy the windows in his room at the Treasury, while the procession was passing, thereby shutting out Mrs. Blank and Mrs. Blank, "old hens he did not care to hear cackling in his room."

When Lafayette reached the District line he was met by a brilliant procession, headed by a corps of cavalry supported by a calvacade of citizens, the whole over two miles in length.

The highway was lined with citizens, who made the air resound with shouts of welcome.

Among the pleasant incidents of the occasion was one described by Mrs. Seaton, wife of the editor of the *National Intelligencer*, in a letter to her mother in Richmond.

October, 1824.

DEAR MOTHER: I don't know how it was, but I certainly figured more than I had any wish or expectation of doing on the day of Lafayette's arrival.

In the first place, I was selected by the committee of arrangements to superintend the dress and decorations of twenty-five young ladies representing the States and District of Columbia, and to procure appropriate wreaths, scarfs, and Lafayette gloves and flags for the occasion; to assemble them at my house and attend them under my protection to the Capitol.

The General was conducted to Capitol square, the east of the Capitol, where a civic arch, elegantly decorated and enlivened with appropriate inscriptions had been erected. Under this arch were the twenty-five young ladies, each bearing a banner designating the State and District she represented. As soon as the General arrived Miss S. M. Watterson, representing the District, and only eleven years old, advanced and made a very appropriate address. (This was the daughter of George Watterson, Librarian of Congress.) It would be hard to describe the feeling which Lafayette manifested at this scene.

He shook hands with each of the group and passed on to the rotunda and entered the "tent of Washington."

In Baltimore, when the General entered into the grounds of Fort McHenry, the troops of the garrison were drawn up in line. As he advanced they parted to the right and left and before him was this "tent of Washington"—the same tent under whose shade he had so often taken by the hand his friend and loved commander, where they had so often exchanged views and received timely suggestions, and where they had so many times, in brotherly love, partaken of the scanty meal.

To-day, in the National Museum, this same tent is carefully watched over and tenderly cared for by the children of this Republic. When the Mayor had concluded his address of welcome, Lafayette thus responded :

The kind and flattering reception with which I am honored by the citizens of Washington exacts the most lively feelings of gratitude. Those grateful feelings, sir, at every step of my happy visit to the United States, could not but enhance the inexpressible delight I have enjoyed at the sight of the immense and wonderful improvements, so far beyond even the fondest anticipation of a warm American heart, and which, in the space of forty years, have so gloriously evinced the superiority of popular institutions and self-government over the too imperfect state of political civilization found in every country of the other hemisphere.

In this august place, which bears the most venerable of all ancient and modern names, I have, sir, the pleasure to contemplate, not only a center of that constitutional union so necessary to these States, so important to the interests of mankind, but also a great political school where attentive observers from other parts of the world may be taught the practical science of true social order. Among the circumstances of my life, to which you have been pleased to allude, none can afford me such dear recollections as my having been early adopted as an American soldier ; so there is not a circumstance of my reception in which I take so much pride as in sharing these honors with my beloved companions-in-arms.

Happy am I to feel that the marks of affection and esteem bestowed on me bear testimony to my perservance in American principles I received under "the tent of Washington," and of which I shall, to my last breath, prove myself a devoted disciple.

I beg you, Mr. Mayor, and the gentlemen of the corporation, to accept my respectful acknowledgements to you and to the citizens of Washington.

En route from the Capitol to the White House Lafayette found Pennsylvania avenue, on either side, literally filled with

people. Every niche, portico, and window was occupied. He was greeted with waving handkerchiefs and wild huzzahs.

The advancing column was gay with flags and bright uniforms. There was the glitter of helmets, flash of bayonets, waving plumes, gaudy firemen, burnished engines; sailors, soldiers—everybody wild with enthusiasm to do honor to the man who had so signally helped us in our dire necessity to become a free people.

On arriving at the White House he was conducted into the drawing-room, when President Monroe advanced, took him by the hand and welcomed him to the land of his adoption.

Lafayette found three of his old associates, ex-Presidents Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, and his bosom friend, Monroe, President.

After the ceremonies of the White House were ended he was conducted to the gate and received again by his escort. The troops passed in review, after which a banquet was given at Gadsby's Hotel, known as "The Franklin," which stood on the corner of Nineteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue.

Following is a copy of the historic invitation :

The committee of arrangements respectfully request the Secretary of War to dine with General Lafayette this day at the Franklin House at 5 o'clock.

W. W. SEATON, *Secretary.*

One of the toasts on this occasion was "The United States and France. Their early friendship. May it ever be maintained by mutual acts of kindness and justice."

The next day Lafayette called on the President and on the morning following he breakfasted with the President's family.

We would not draw the curtain to throw the light upon this hallowed time; but it is fair to suppose that the memories of thirty years before found here open expression.

Monroe was no longer Minister to France. Madame Lafayette required no friendly ministration of Mrs. Monroe, and the prisoner of Olmutz was bound by no clanking chains.

The first week was filled with kindly demonstrations. It was when visiting William Parke Custis at Arlington, and in conversation with Mrs. Custis, regarding the improvements, that he said, "recollect, my dear, how much easier it is to cut a tree down than it is to make it grow."

How little he thought that that timely proverb would save that beautiful forest which shades the graves of noble heroes who were again, in our history as a country, called upon to lay down their lives that this country might live and hold her place among the nations of the earth.

He entered the grand old Commonwealth of Virginia at Alexandria, October 16, with a large military escort. In the procession was a car bearing the "tent of Washington." On an apex of a magnificent arch was perched a large mountain eagle, and as the General passed under the arch it spread its wings and flapped its welcome.



STATUE OF LAFAYETTE IN JACKSON PARK, WASHINGTON.
THE GIFT OF FRANCE.

On the following Sunday he visited Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington, his honored and most beloved friend.

While there Mr. Custis presented him with a ring containing a lock of hair of Washington, with the Masonic sash and jewel that belonged to the great Mason.

In a part of his address he said: * * * "The ring has ever been an emblem of the union of hearts from the earliest stages of the world, and this will unite the affections of the American people to the person and posterity of Lafayette

now and hereafter, and when your descendants of a later day shall behold this valued relic it will remind them of the heroic virtues of their illustrious sire who received it, not in the palace of princes, nor amid the pomp and vanities of life, but at the laureled grave of Washington."

* * * * *

Venerable man! Will you never tire in the cause of freedom and human happiness? Is it not time that you should rest from your labors and repose on the bosom of a country which delights to love and honor you, and will teach her children's children to bless your name and memory? Surely where liberty dwells there must be the country of Lafayette.

* * * * *

General Lafayette took the ring, pressed it to his bosom, and answered: "The feelings which at this awful moment oppress my heart do not leave me the power of utterance. I can only thank you, my dear Custis, for your precious gift. I pay a silent homage to the tomb of the greatest and the best of men, my paternal friend."

The following Monday the General sailed down the Potomac, visiting Yorktown, Richmond, and Monticello, the home of Jefferson. When these two veterans of this Union met, they fell upon each others neck, and for several minutes were locked in silent embrace before their feelings found utterance.

From Monticello he went to Montpelier, the home of Madison.

Upon his return to Washington both houses of Congress passed this resolution:

Resolved, That the President of the United States invite General de Lafayette to take a seat in the Senate Chamber agreeable to his wishes; that the committee deliver the invitation to the General and introduce him into the Senate Chamber, and that the members receive him standing.

General Lafayette was the first public man ever received by the Senate of the United States; and no doubt this was to him the supreme moment of his life.

A bill was reported to the Senate and passed, giving to General Lafayette \$200,000 and an entire township of land, to be located upon any public lands that remained unsold.

The bill passed both houses. And yet they tell us republics are ungrateful. Lafayette's reply was: "The gift is so magnificent, so far exceeding the services of the individual, that had I been a member of Congress I must have voted it down."

The following spring President Monroe laid down the reins of government and President Adams took them up.

Lafayette was ready to say farewell to his friends at the capital ere he began the tour of the States.

A military escort was drawn up in brilliant array before the White House, waiting for the last good-bys to be spoken. The Cabinet, Senators, Members, and high officials surrounded Lafayette on the portico, when President Adams stepped forward to give the parting salutation. These two grand men, grown old in their country's service, stood there before the multitude and wept like schoolboys; no farewell could be spoken. Amid the firing of cannon, the stirring strains of martial music, Lafayette left the home of the President, the capital of the Nation, for the last time, into whose history his name was impenetrably woven.

No name is dearer to the people of America than that of General de Lafayette.

MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

A TALK ON REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE.

[Read before Nova Cæsarea Chapter, by Mrs. Wm. L. Hazen.]

THAT there was a distinctive American literature of the Revolution is perhaps generally unappreciated by the everyday reader. We of this latter day of the nineteenth century are so busy with our present day literature, which crowds upon us from every direction, that we have little leisure or inclination to go back one hundred years and learn what was interesting our ancestors at that time. Then the means of travel and communication were so limited, the press so primitive, the reading portion of the community so small, that at first glance one might expect to find the literature necessarily meager and uninteresting.

But, on the contrary, one finds it quite refreshing to flee from the pages of the modern book, where every emotion of

the heart, every passion of good or evil, every phase of existence has been portrayed, and to go back to the times when but two great questions were in the hearts of the American people; to leave behind us "Darkest Africa," the Creoles of Louisiana, the Tennessee mountaineer, the miners of the Rockies, and the gilded youth of fashionable life, and to seek instruction as well as entertainment in the lives and interests of such men as George Washington, Patrick Henry, and Alexander Hamilton.

As has been said, during that period known as the Revolutionary period but two great questions were agitating the minds of the American people; until the close of the Revolution, it was the separation from England; and, after the Revolution, it was the formation of a government for the separated country. Hence, great speeches and political papers came from the brains and pens of those capable of making a literature. Such men cared not for fame as writers—they wrote for the particular crisis through which they were passing. The times called for great men, and great men arose to meet the call.

As the colonial period boasted only a theological literature, the Revolutionary period was eminently one of oratory. Indeed, the questions which agitated the country naturally induced popular discussion, and, as a sense of wrong and a resolve to maintain the rights of free men took the place of remonstrance, a race of orators seems to have sprung up. The text books which our grandfathers used as school readers were almost entirely composed of these speeches, and even to this day schoolboys go to them for declamations, and political writers draw upon them for editorials and discussion.

Warren, Adams, and Otis, of Boston; Patrick Henry, of Virginia, aroused the land to a defense of its rights; while Alexander Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris, John Jay, and other gifted men gave wise direction to the power thus evoked. Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty, or give me death," has been recited in every schoolhouse, and one sentence from Josiah Quincy describes the feeling of that day: "To hope for the protection of heaven without doing our duty is to mock the Deity." Another sentence, "These are the times that try men's souls," describes those fiery days, and were the first words of a periodical issued by Thomas Paine, called, "The

Crisis." The first number of this periodical came out in 1776, and was, by the order of General Washington, read to all the American troops. Although an Englishman, Thomas Paine was very earnest on the side of the Colonists, and his pamphlet, entitled "Common Sense," helped the cause greatly. It was at the instigation of Benjamin Franklin that he came to this country, and, although he gave freely of his substance and his counsel to aid in establishing freedom, he unfortunately cast an indelible shadow over his name by his attack upon the Bible, called "The Age of Reason." In fact, this work is more often associated with his name than the eminent service which he rendered his foster-country in its hour of need.

Although living and writing during the colonial period, the service done by Benjamin Franklin to the mind of the American people in the Revolutionary period was great and high. He wrote as a journalist, a social moralist, and as a politician. His longest writing was his autobiography, but his almanac, known as "Poor Richard's Almanac," had a reputation both national and lasting. In those days almanacs were very important publications, inasmuch as in many households there were but two books, the Bible and the almanac. After publishing this almanac for twenty-five years, Franklin collected the maxims and wise-sayings into a connected discourse. Probably we can all of us easily recognize as familiar friends such sayings as: "Never leave till to-morrow that which you can do to-day," "Three removes are as bad as a fire," "Little boats should keep near the shore," and "God helps them that help themselves." But with all his practicality he was a philosopher, and, if his philosophy was not very ambitious, it was serviceable in its time.

The most potent voice in Massachusetts was that of Samuel Adams, to whom fell a work in the North like that done by Thomas Jefferson in the South. His pen was almost constantly in use, for he wrote stirring articles for the newspapers in Boston; and, although now few read his works, his intensity of thought and vigor of utterance entitle him to mention in a literary history.

From the South came the burning speeches of one of the first orators of the eighteenth century, Patrick Henry, who,

although lacking in collegiate education, had developed from his up-country training that self-reliance and ability which made him a leader. His famous speech before the Virginia convention of 1775, of which the most famous words have already been quoted, would alone maintain his fame.

To all of these forceful men, Adams, Otis, Warren, Henry, and Hamilton, a prominent share in the work of starting and strengthening the new Republic was given, but to Thomas Jefferson's lot fell the task of drawing up that most famous document of modern history, the Declaration of Independence, a paper which became the charter of freedom to a whole continent, and is to this day read by millions of people with gratitude and admiration.

After the American people were free from England, it devolved upon them to draw up a constitution. After it was drawn up, some approved of it and others did not; for some wished the government to have centralized power, while others wished the States to retain much freedom. Hence, two parties, the Federalists and the Anti-Federalists, arose; and there was, in consequence, much writing on both sides. The greatest writings connected with the adoption of this constitution were the series of papers known as the *Federalist*, most of the articles being written by Alexander Hamilton, a Federalist leader, James Madison, and Chief Justice Jay.

But, with all its dry and serious literature, the Revolutionary period was not without its humorists and poets. The most successful of the humorists was John Trumbull, whose poem, "McFingal," was a witty satire upon the Tories. He also contributed to the literature of the period an "Elegy on the Times," relating to the Boston Port Bill. Another Revolutionary wit was Francis Hopkinson, of New Jersey, whose "Battle of the Kegs" was the most popular Whig ballad written during the war.

An effort was evidently made to establish a national literature as big as American nature itself, and the destinies of the new Republic. A band of young poets graduated from Yale, just as the struggle began, and, glowing with patriotic ardor, dedicated their muses to the service of Independence. The oldest of these was Timothy Dwight, who afterwards became

president of Yale College, and his poems form a very interesting book.

Literature of all times has its effect upon the people in moulding character. Perhaps the American literature of no time since the birth of our country has had such a beneficial effect as that of the Revolutionary period. It prompted our forefathers to achieve great deeds. It aroused all their latent energies; it stirred their minds; it fired their souls. To the writers of those early times we owe a great debt. It is truly thrilling when we picture to ourselves a young but sturdy nation, aroused by the writers of that day, marching to battle, seeking to obtain that greatest of all blessing—Liberty—singing as they marched the popular war song, written by Timothy Dwight, who was then an army chaplain under Washington:

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

HISTORY OF FOUR ANTIQUE ENGRAVINGS.

THE battle of Lexington was fought on the 19th of April, 1775. At noon of the next day, April 20, the tidings reached New Haven. Benedict Arnold was then captain of the Governor's Guard. He marshalled his one hundred men on the historic "Green," and called for volunteers to go to Lexington. Forty men stepped forward. The selectmen refused to furnish them with ammunition; but when Arnold threatened to break open the powder house and help himself, they gave him the keys. Before sunset Arnold and his men were well on their way to Lexington.

In this small company of New Haven volunteers marched Earl, a portrait painter, and Doolittle, a wood-engraver. Arrived upon the scene of action, Earl made four drawings of different portions of the battlefield; and these were engraved by Doolittle with such despatch that in the *Connecticut Journal* of December 13, 1775, the following advertisement appeared:

" This day published and to be sold at the store of Mr. James Lockwood, near the college in New Haven, four different views of the battles of Lexington, Concord, etc., on the 19th of April, 1775.

" Plate I.—The battle of Lexington.

" Plate II. A view of the town of Concord, with the ministerial troops destroying the stores.

" Plate III.—The battle of the North Bridge in Concord.

" Plate IV.—The south part of Lexington, when the first detachment was joined by Lord Percy.

" The above four plates are neatly engraved on copper, from original paintings taken on the spot.

" Price six shillings per set for plain ones, or eight shillings, colored."

I understand that few of these ancient engravings still exist. These, which are before you, are the eight-shilling pictures. I mention it because after one hundred and twenty years it requires keen eyesight to discern any traces of color. They were the property of my great-grandfather, Solomon Plant; my mother remembers them as hanging on his parlor walls when she was a child of six years or less. They must have lost their youthful beauty even then; for immediately after his death, in 1821, they were relegated to the garret of my grandfather's house and did duty for the ten succeeding years as walls and partitions in his children's playhouse and store. Still, they were not forgotten, nor without historic value; for my grandfather, Lieutenant Governor David Plant, shortly before his death in 1851, declined an offer of \$100 for them, made by the Connecticut Historical Society. In those days, money was worth more, and antiques less than at present.

The engravings were originally framed without glass, as the numberless fly-specks attest; when in 1851 they came into my father's possession, he had them cleaned and covered with glass and the frames restored as far as possible.

Plate I.—The story of Lexington and Concord needs rehearsal. On Tuesday night, April 18, General Gage sent eight hundred British troops from Boston under Lieutenant Colonel Smith, to destroy the stores of arms and ammunition gathered by the committee of public safety at Concord. Their move-

ments were watched ; two lanterns flashed out " from the bell-tower of the old North church," and Paul Revere rode into the darkness

" To spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

* * * * *

" It was one by the village clock
When we galloped into Lexington ;
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meetinghouse windows bleak and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral stare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon."

At two o'clock one hundred and thirty men had collected on the Meetinghouse green ; the roll was called, and they were ordered to get what sleep they could, remaining within drum-beat. It was a short rest. Colonel Smith had detached Major Pitcairn to hurry ahead and seize the two bridges. Bells, guns, and drums sounded the alarm, and soon after four a. m. the Lexington minute men were again on the green, confronting the red coats. Pitcairn called out, " Disperse, you rebels ! throw down your arms and disperse ! " There were a few random shots, without effect ; then Pitcairn gave the order, " Fire ! " and in the discharge of musketry which followed, the first blood of the Revolution was shed.

Plate II follows the regulars to Concord. Long before daylight all Concord was astir. Guards had been placed at the North and South bridges, but when the British troops were seen marching down the Lexington road, the militia discreetly retired behind hedges and stone walls, waiting to see what would turn up—or for reinforcements. The redcoats seized and held the North bridge, destroyed whatever stores they could find, cut down the liberty pole, and set the townhouse on fire. Meanwhile minute men were hurrying in from all the neighboring towns ; and here are " Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn viewing the Provincials marching over East Hill into Concord."

Plate III shows the North bridge at Concord. Here three hundred effective men had gathered and boldly proposed to dis-

lodge the enemy. "I haven't a man that's afraid to go," said Captain Davis. Here is "The Detachment of the Regulars who fired first on the Provincials at the bridge," and here are "The Provincials headed by Colonel Robinson and Major Buttrick."

"By this rude bridge which spans the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shots heard round the world."

Plate IV shows the end of the battle. Colonel Smith, finding the minute men pouring in from all quarters, ordered a retreat over the Lexington road to Boston. Early in the day he had sent for reinforcements and three regiments of infantry and two divisions of marines under Earl Percy had been despatched from Boston to his relief. At 2.30 p. m. Colonel Smith and Earl Percy formed his command into a hollow square, received within it Colonel Smith's weary and disordered companies, and while thus giving them a little rest gratified their wounded feelings by firing some of the houses of Lexington.

"You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled;
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane;
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load."

These engravings have no artistic merit. New England, at that day, developed not art, but character. But, uncouth in design and rude in execution, they reproduced to the eyes of the Connecticut country folk the appeal which had sounded in the ears of their Massachusetts brethren on the eve of Lexington.

"A cry of defiance and not of fear;
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word which shall echo forevermore.
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people shall waken, and listen to hear
The hurrying footsteps of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

THE HOLDING OF PEPPERELL BRIDGE.

[A true incident of the Revolutionary War. Pepperell Bridge stretches over the Nashua River, between the towns of Hollis, New Hampshire, and Pepperell, Massachusetts. On the bridge is a monument commemorative of Prudence Cummings Wright.]

GALLANT deeds of gallant men,
Merit praise from tongue and pen.
But, when woman ventures forth
From the quiet of the hearth ;
And achieve some daring deed,
Should she not have double meed ?
Listen then to what befel
On the bridge of Pepperell.

Once, Horatius, we know,
Held a bridge against the foe ;
And the gallant deed was sung
By a bard of silver tongue.
In the lays of ancient Rome,
Sing / something nearer home,
Of a woman's deed I tell ;
On the bridge of Pepperell.

This is how the story goes ;
When the British were our foes,
Word to Hollis town was brought,
That one, Captain Whiting, sought
Secret messages to bring
To the army of the King :
He must pass, 'twas known full well,
O'er the bridge of Pepperell.

Consternation followed, for
All the men had gone to war,
And the Hollis women knew
It would never, never do,
That such messages should go
Through their village to the foe.
These, they swore, what e'er befel,
Should not pass o'er Pepperell.

So they rose up in their might,
Chose as captain Prudence Wright,
Donned the garb of absent men,
Armed as best they could, and then

Sallied forth to do or die ;
When the tory should pass by.
Halting where they knew right well
He must pass o'er Pepperell.

Then said pretty Captain Prue,
"Lasses, I depend on you !
Since ye now as men are drest,
Act the part and do your best !
Out on any pulling maid
Dares betray she is afraid !
Death alone shall stay or quell !
Lasses, on to Pepperell !"

Mistress Prudence Cummings Wright,
All equipped and armed for fight,
Would I could have gazed on you,
Pretty Amazonian Prue !
I can fancy how you shook
As the old flint-lock you took.
Yet your voice nor shook nor fell
As it rang o'er Pepperell.

"Halt !" it cried, and, "Who goes there ?
Come no nearer or I fire !"
"Not one further step I ride !"
One who rode with Whiting cried,
" 'Tis my sister Prue ! alas,
She would never let us pass
Save when her dead body fell !
I turn back from Pepperell !"

'Twas her tory brother who
Turned his back on Mistress Prue,
Riding fast and far away,
And the feeling from that day
Ran so high his traitor face
Looked no more upon the place,
Richard Cummings, so they tell,
Never more crossed Pepperell.

Then the pretty warrior crew,
Headed by fair Mistress Prue,
Seized on Captain Whiting fast,
Searched him well and found at last
What they sought for in his boots,—
Pretty well for raw recruits.
Then said Prue, "Now go and tell
Women guarded Pepperell !"

Though they barely held the bridge,
 'Tis the poet's privilege
 To be certain at the last.
 When all cause for fear was past
 Some sat down and wept, and some
 Shook so they could scarce gain home,
 Nor could their motions quell
 After guarding Pepperell.

That is lovely woman's way
 Even in our later day;
 Ready she to do or die—
 If she can but have a cry
 When the thing is past and done
 And the battle fairly won.
 So I'm certain some tears fell.

Gallant deeds of gallant men
 Merit praise from tongue and pen,
 But when women venture forth
 From the quiet of the hearth,
 And achieve some daring deed,
 Should they not have double meed?
 Then let bravos rise and swell
 For the guards of Pepperell.

ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON.

"WASHINGTON CLOSE TO."

[The following paper was read by Rev. A. N. Lewis before Marquis de Lafayette Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Montpelier, Vermont, and is published by request.]

WE all know Washington as a general and a statesman, but how many of us know the *man*? In fact, is it not true that most people never think of him as a *man* at all?

In the month of May, 1890, I stood with the General Society of the Cincinnati at the tomb of Washington. All instinctively bared their heads, and one of the chaplains of the Society, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Perry, of Iowa, said appropriate prayers. As I looked through the grated door upon the marble sarcophagus which holds his remains, I could hardly realize that Washington was a mortal, and that his body had returned to dust!

Just before the Civil War I was standing in the rotunda of the

capitol at Richmond, Virginia, before Houdin's celebrated marble statue of Washington. As I stood gazing, with uncovered head, what a tide of emotions swelled through my heart! The boy who scorned to tell a lie—the stripling surveyor—the subaltern at Braddock's defeat—the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of America—the Liberator of his country—the Statesman—the Patriot—and the Sage—all stood before me in the dumb yet speaking marble!

Near by stood two Virginians. Said one to the other, "Do you know that when I look upon that statue I cannot feel that I am looking upon a *man*!"

I shall endeavor in this article to present the *man* George Washington as he appeared to those who knew him intimately and familiarly.

Imprimis: I must be permitted to say that I take no stock whatever in most of the stories of old Parson Weems, the (*soi disant*) "Rector of Mount Vernon." I have not the slightest idea that Washington was the prig and milksop that Weems represents him. I believe that "George was always a good boy"—(better, perhaps, than the average)—for his mother said so. But he had a temper—he was always falling in love with a pretty face—and once or twice, he was weak enough to write poetry; and *love poetry* at that! Here it is: And I hope you will not despise the author when you have read it. The style reminds one of Browning!

The young lady who inspired it was a Miss Cary. The original manuscript, it is said, now reposes in the archives of the State Department at Washington.

"Oh ye Gods! why should my Poor Resistless Heart
Stand to approve thy Might and Power?"
At last surrender to Cupid's feathered dart,
And now lays Bleeding every Hour—
For her that Pityless of my grief and Woes
And will not on me Pity take:
I'll sleep among my most inveterate foes,
And with gladness never wish to wake—
In deluded sleep let my Eyelids close
That in enraptured Dreams I may
In a soft lulling sleep and gentle repose
Possess those joys denied by Day."

What a mercy that the youth did not become possessed with the idea that he was a poet! With such a style he might have eclipsed Browning, and thus a general and statesman would have been lost to the world!

The following list of Washington's sweethearts has been preserved: Miss Frances Alexander,* daughter of Captain Philip Alexander, from whom the city of Alexandria was named. She was two years older than Washington, and was probably his first love. Miss Mary Cary, daughter of Colonel Wilson Cary, Collector of Customs at Hampton, Virginia. Bishop Meade says that Washington asked Colonel Cary's permission to pay his addresses to Miss Cary, but was refused. She afterwards married Mr. Edward Ambler, who was a great swell among the colonial aristocracy, a graduate of Harvard, and owner of a large estate near Jamestown. He died at thirty-five, and his widow was a frequent guest at Mount Vernon after Washington's marriage, as his diary shows.

In a letter to "My Dear Robin," Washington tenderly refers to the "Lowland Beauty," who is supposed to have been Miss Lucy Grymes, who, in 1753, married Henry Lee, Esq., and became the mother of the famous "Light Horse Harry"—the Custer of the Revolution. Other writers say that the Lowland Beauty was Miss Betsy, daughter of William Fauntleroy, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, who also declined Washington's addresses.

In 1752, when he was about twenty years old, Washington

* He also wrote the following acrostic to Miss Frances Alexander, a descendant of the Earl of Stirling:

"From your bright sparkling eyes I was undone;
 Rays you have more transparent than the sun;
 Amid'st its glory in the rising day,
 None can equal you in your bright array;
 Constant in your calm, unspotted mind;
 Equal to all, but to none prove kind,
 So knowing, seldom one so young you'll find.
 Ah! woe's me, that I should love and conceal,
 Long have I wished, but never dare reveal,
 Even though severely Love's pains I feel;
 Xerxes, that great, was't† free from cupid's dart,
 And all the greatest heroes felt the smart."

† Contraction for *was not*.

addressed a letter to Mr. Fauntleroy, which has been preserved, asking permission to make a proposal of marriage to his daughter, "in the hope of a revocation of a former cruel sentence, and see if I cannot find an alteration in my favor."

This was the most serious love affair Washington ever had, except that with the Widow Custis, which resulted in his marriage.

Miss Fauntleroy became the wife of Thomas Adams, of Williamsburg. It is a tradition of the town that she married for money, and refused Washington because he had less wealth than her other lover. It is said, too, that after he became famous and was invited to the town of Williamsburg as the guest of the people, she watched from a window the triumphal pageant as he passed on horseback through the streets and fainted.

It was to Betsy Fauntleroy that the first "poem" given above was addressed.

Four years after his affair with Betsy Fauntleroy, Washington became enamored of Miss Mary Phillipse, daughter of a wealthy Englishman, who lived in a superb mansion on the Hudson, near West Point. After a few weeks' acquaintance he proposed to her, and learned that she was engaged to another. The successful suitor was Captain Roger Morris, who, with Washington, was an aid to General Braddock in the fatal Indian campaign.

Miss Phillipse was two years older than Washington. Her husband fought on the British side during the Revolution, and she and her family were all Royalists. In 1778 she and her sister were arrested as spies, imprisoned, and their property confiscated. It was in the Phillipse house that Arnold was residing when he betrayed his country, and from their grounds he took the boat which took him into the British lines when his treason was discovered.

Two years after he was jilted by Miss Phillipse, he met the Widow Custis, fell in love again, and was married to her on the 17th of January, 1759, about six months after their first meeting. In the following September he writes to his cousin Richard, declining an invitation to visit England:

"I am now, I believe, fixed at this seat, with an agreeable consort for life. And hope to find more happiness in retire-

ment than I ever experienced amidst a wild, battling world."

The important question, "Was Washington a smoker?" has been often asked, but never answered until now.

It is in evidence that he smoked, or at least attempted to smoke on a certain occasion. I had this incident from Mr. John Schuyler, a great-grandson of General Phillip Schuyler of the Revolution. Being at General Schuyler's house, Washington was offered a cigar, which he lighted. Tradition says the effect was so unpleasant that he never tried another.

At the triennial meeting of the General Society of the Cincinnati at Mount Vernon in 1890, one of the sessions was held in the banquet hall of that historic mansion. It was proposed to allow no smoking; but Mr. John Schuyler claimed the right to smoke there because Washington smoked in the parlor of his ancestor, and the claim was allowed.

Was Washington a humorist? On one occasion he was visiting Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, and during his stay he went to the nursery where he took his host's twin boys in his lap and sang the following song for their amusement. It is entitled

THE DERBY* RAM.

As I was going to Derby
Upon a market day,
I saw the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.

CHORUS:

That ever was fed on hay, sir,
That ever was fed on hay,
I saw the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.
Tow de row de dow, dow,
Tow de row de da,
Tow de row de dow, dow,
Tow de row de da.

He had four feet to walk, sir,
He had four feet to stand,
And every foot he had, sir,
Covered an acre of land.

CHORUS:

Covered an acre of land, sir, etc.

* Washington pronounced it "Darby."

The wool upon his back, sir,
It reached up to the sky,
And eagles built their nests there,
For I heard their young ones cry.

CHORUS:

For I heard their young ones cry, sir, etc.

The wool upon his tail, sir,
I heard the weaver say,
Made three hundred yards of cloth,
For he wove it in a day.

CHORUS:

For he wove it in a day, sir, etc.

The horns upon this ram, sir,
They reached up to the moon;
A nigger climbed up in January,
And never came down till June.

CHORUS:

And never came down till June, sir, etc.

The butcher that cut his throat, sir,
Was drown-ed in the blood,
And the little boy that held the bowl,
Was carried away in the flood.

CHORUS:

Was carried away in the flood, sir, etc.

Imagine Washington roaring this classic stave to please a couple of youngsters!

It was said by his officers that no one ever heard Washington laugh aloud. A noted wag among them laid a wager that he would make the General laugh aloud at a dinner that was about to be given by his Staff. Accordingly, after the cloth had been removed and the wine had begun to circulate, the wag began to tell his story. The officers were convulsed with merriment; but the General only smiled or laughed silently. At night one of the officers slept in the next room to his chief with only a slight partition between them. After the General had retired, the officer heard the bed shake as the great man laughed all alone to himself at the recollection of the stories he had heard at the table. (Or was it because he had “caught on” to the wager and was laughing because he had outwitted the conspirators?)

Though a temperate man Washington did as everybody else did at that time—he drank wine and liquors, and always furnished them to his guests. On one occasion, a soldier was doing some carpenter-work at the General's headquarters. When he had finished Washington treated him to a glass of grog.

After some victory he issued an order that each soldier should have "an extra allowance of spirits" to drink to the continued success of the American arms.

It was his custom every morning on arising to drink a glass of "bitters," or (more commonly) rum. This habit, however, he gave up at sixty.

At dinner, *en famille*, he drank one or two glasses (sometimes more) of Madeira wine and some small beer. It is said that he would sit over his wine and walnuts one and sometimes two hours after the family had retired.

In a history of the United States in sixteen volumes, the author (whose name I have forgotten) referring to this after-dinner habit of Washington, says: "This habit must have kept him in a state of semi-intoxication most of the time, and was doubtless one cause of those sudden attacks of illness to which he was frequently subject."

It goes without saying that he was a religious man. He was a devout member of the Episcopal Church, and had he lived in these days, would have been called a "Low Churchman." He was a vestryman in two parishes. During the war he refrained from going forward to the Holy Communion because he felt that as a military man he had to do many things which were not consistent with a religious profession, and because he feared that his motives might be misunderstood.

Mrs. Washington always remained for the communion, but the General would retire at the close of the sermon. The clergyman took occasion one Sunday to say that it was "not edifying to see communicants turn their backs on the Lord's table when it was spread." After this Washington used to remain at home in the morning on Communion Sundays.

It is known, however, that on one occasion during the war he asked and received permission to receive the communion at the hands of a Presbyterian clergyman.

He was a man of prayer. More than once during the Revolution he was seen reading his Bible or his Prayer-book on his knees. He also wrote or compiled a book of Family Prayers.

One historian declares that at the battle of Monmouth, when a portion of the army was thrown into retreat through the incompetence or treachery of General Lee, Washington met him as he was retreating and, rising in his stirrups, *blankety-blanked* him coarsely and profanely. I very much doubt that he swore at all on this or any other occasion; though if swearing was ever justifiable it would have been then. The fact that he issued an order to his army warning both officers and men against this "detestable practice," and commanding that all who transgressed should be severely punished makes it very improbable, to say the least, that he swore at Monmouth or anywhere else; but swearing under great provocation and strong excitement is no evidence that a man is profane.

In one of his orders warning the officers and men against this pernicious practice, Washington used the following language:

"Many and pointed orders have been issued against the unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing, notwithstanding which, with much regret, the General observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever. His feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers whenever he is in hearing of them. The name of that Being, from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy the comforts of life, is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking. For the sake, therefore, of religion, decency, and order the General hopes and trusts that the officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check the vice, which is as unprofitable as wicked and shameful. If officers would make it an inviolable rule to reprimand, and (if that won't do) to punish soldiers for offences of this kind it would not fail of having the desired effect."

I had the following incident, showing his habitual reverence, from the son of the man who witnessed it.

The General had passed the night in Farmington, Connecticut, while on his way to or from his headquarters at Cambridge.

In the morning he was taken by his host to see the Congregational meetinghouse, which was and still is an elegant edifice. A little boy followed along "to see the General." As he entered the front door of the church Washington removed his hat, and kept it off during his stay in the sacred building. (The gentleman who accompanied him, being a Puritan, kept his hat on.) Returning home the boy asked his father, "Pa, why'd the General take off his hat in the meetin' house?" "Oh!" said the father, "because he's a 'Piscopianian.'"

He was six feet, two inches in height, with sloping shoulders, a longish neck, a long body, and a rather prominent stomach. He had great physical strength, and the largest hand of any man in America. His finger joints were like knots; and he had to have his gloves made for him. It is said that he wore number thirteen's.

"Be thou pure as snow, and chaste as ice, thou shalt not 'scape calumny." One or more stories of his gallantry are told, but I have little respect for those who believe them, and still less for those who tell them. Madam Washington was not a woman to tolerate a single lapse of that nature. Indeed, it used to be said of this worthy couple that "the grey mare was the better horse."

He was dignified, almost to formality; and as General and as President insisted in being treated with respect and deference. He would not tolerate the least approach to familiarity.

This trait of his was once under discussion among some of the officers. One of them laid a wager that he would "Hail fellow, well met," with the General at an approaching dinner. The opportunity came, and the daring officer stepped up to Washington, clapped him on the back, and said, "Hello, old fellow!" The General turned around, looked the offender through and through, and there was a silence in the assembly that could be felt.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, the British commander, having occasion to write him a letter, addressed him as "George Washington, Esq." Washington returned it unopened; after which another came, addressed "General George Washington, &c., &c.," this also was returned, and the next was properly addressed.

Apropos of swearing. On one occasion, at a dinner table, several officers swore in conversation. Washington laid down his knife and fork and said, "I thought we were all gentlemen!"

A group of officers were at headquarters engaged in rather boisterous conversation. In an adjoining room lay a sick or wounded officer. The conversation grew louder, and at last the General entered, crossed the room on tip-toe, took a book from the mantel, and without saying a word returned as noiselessly as he had entered. The hint was taken.

In the village of Southport, Connecticut, is preserved a piece of a cedar post which Washington helped to set in the ground at Farrington. He was out walking with his host, when he came to a man who was planting a hitching post in the ground by the roadside. The General stopped and said, "My friend, I can show you how to set your post so that it will never rot." Taking it in his hands (those great hands of his) he placed it upside down and held it while the man filled up the hole and "tamped" the earth around it.

(It is a well known fact that a post set bottom side up in the ground will not absorb water. The sap tubes will not "draw" when the post is reversed.)

During the war he stopped for dinner at an inn which stood on or near the present site of Trinity church, Westport.

Dinner was slow in coming on, and the hungry General went into the kitchen to hurry it up. Taking down a ham which hung upon the rafters overhead, he cut off a slice with his pocketknife and toasted it at the fire, remarking to a boy who sat by the fireplace, "my son, this is the way poor soldiers have to live."

He was not of the phlegmatic temperament many believe him to have been. A distinguished statesman, who stood near him at his first inauguration, wrote to his wife: "I wanted him to appear well—the first gentleman in the land—but was sadly disappointed. He could not see well through his glasses, took them off frequently and wiped them. His false teeth, which were ill-fitting, rattled, his voice trembled, and he seemed ill at ease and greatly embarrassed."

His first set of artificial teeth was cut out of a single piece

of ivory, one part for the upper and one for the lower jaw. The two parts were connected by a silver hinge, which rattled when he talked. They were unskillfully made, and perceptibly changed the expression of his face, not for the better. The set is said to be still preserved in a Pennsylvania Dental College.

He was a flute player and used to accompany his adopted daughter, Nelly Custis, upon the harpsicord. The two instruments, the former chained to the latter, may be seen at Mount Vernon.

"There were great men before Agamemnon;" but where, in all the annals of history, do we find an "all around" great man like Washington? Other great men had their weaknesses, the "fly in the ointment" which marred their character. Washington may have had his weakness, his infirmity, but the world has failed to discover it. As Byron sings in the additional stanzas to the ode of Napoleon Bonaparte:

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes, *One*—the first—the last—the best—
The CINCINNATUS of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of *Washington*,
To make man blush there was but *one*!"

A HINT TO CHINA DECORATORS.

THE present enthusiastic interest shown by the women of this country in patriotic societies affords an opportunity, it seems to me, which, if wisely developed, will result in the creation of an art industry that will be of permanent value to the Nation.

A recent search for American pottery, decorated with historic subjects, revealed the almost entire absence of such things. In Baltimore cups and saucers with views of the well-known monuments of that city were on sale, but they were of English manufacture. In Washington plates and the like decorated with the capitol and the monument are common, but they come

from Europe. Souvenirs of Niagara Falls are plentiful at that resort, but those that are of pottery invariably have the label "Made in Austria," or elsewhere, on the underside. A similar condition of affairs prevailed in Chicago during the World's Fair held there in 1893. Austria and Germany furnished the dealers with cheaply decorated patriotic pottery, but there was nothing American save one or two pieces of Trenton Belleek, showing the Columbus caravels. There were printed plates from Wedgewood with the principal buildings and very good Columbus pitchers in the well-known browns of the famous Doulton ware, but only one Washington pitcher and that not easily procurable. Even Copeland sent pitchers and jardinières with raised figures of Columbus and his band, but the American potters were for the most part quite content with exhibiting imitations of foreign designs.

Throughout New England pitchers, plates, and tiles abound with views of historic sites, but all of foreign make. Who has not seen the beautiful series of Minton tiles with views of the homes of our American poets, the old Longfellow house—once Washington's headquarters—in Cambridge; or the plain cottage of Whittier, in Amesbury? In Newport there are tiles of the old Tower, and of the church where Bishop Berkeley preached in colonial times, but all of English make.

Of course everyone knows that things made abroad have a peculiar attractiveness for the average American woman, but it is not very patriotic in them to help support foreign industries at the expense of our own. Indeed, for my own part, I have never yet been able to comprehend why alliances with imported noblemen—many of whom cost far more than the genuine American article and are not worth half as much—should be so eagerly sought for by young American women; nor do I understand why gowns built by Irish women, who take to themselves French names, and advertise "Branches in Newport and Paris," should be any better than those made by honest American women. Still let that be as it may, with pottery it is different. The splendid example of Mrs. Bellamy Storer and Miss Janie McLaughlin, in Cincinnati, and of the various pottery clubs throughout this Union, whose beautiful exhibits in the Woman's Building in Chicago are abundant

evidences of the ability of our American women to produce artistic pottery. Did not the Rockwood pottery—the distinct product of an American woman's genius—gain the prize over other exhibitors at the World's Fair, held in Paris, a few years ago?

Surely then there is no reason why the artistic women in the Daughters of the American Revolution should not combine and organize—no matter in how small a way—a coöperative pottery for the distinct purpose of making American historic pottery. Plates with views of homes would preserve to the younger generation the appearance of many of the famous colonial mansions that are so rapidly disappearing. Cups and saucers decorated with suitable designs would form attractive souvenirs for teas, and could be sold in order to raise funds for a worthy object. The little cup and saucer that was issued at the Martha Washington Tea Party in New York, on February 22, 1876, is already scarce, and is identical (except the date 1876) with the original set presented to Mrs. Washington by the French officers who served in the War of the Revolution. Pitchers and tiles as well as other articles could be easily disposed of. Then there is another feature. Just as medals are struck in limited numbers in commemoration of some important event, and given on'y to subscribers, so special historic dates could be commemorated by providing a limited number of decorated pieces of china that could be reserved for subscribers.

This suggestion, it seems to me, is well worth the thoughtful consideration of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and I cannot but believe that financial as well as artistic success will follow any attempt to establish a Woman's American Pottery.

MARCUS BENJAMIN.

JOHN PERRINE.

[The following veritable incident of the Revolutionary War was written out at my request by a descendant of John Perrine, and a near relative of the venerable narrator.—E. R. K.]

HENRY PERRINE, whose homestead still stands in Monmouth County, not far from the Old Tennant church, was, with his family, very patriotic in the Revolutionary times.

His two sons, John and Lewis, joined the army when very young, and were present as lieutenants at the famous leave-taking between Washington and his officers. The following anecdote of her father, John Perrine, was told the writer of this by Mrs. Frederick King, then residing in Rahway, New Jersey. The narration was made so many years ago that the writer has forgotten everything that would serve to fix the date and general circumstances of the occurrence. It is, however, a veritable incident of the war, and though trifling enough in itself gives a glimpse of the relations between the Tories and the Whigs in those days. Young John Perrine was standing in front of his father's house when a body of American troops passed by. Soon after a party of mounted Tories appeared and asked the lad which way the soldiers had gone—wishing to avoid them. He deliberately told them wrong, in order that they might fall into the hands of the Americans. "Well, my boy," they said, "We'll take you along with us, and if you have told us a lie, you shall swing on the nearest branch." So he was lifted up behind one of the party, a cord put about his neck, and they rode away. Bye-and-bye they met an old negro, and the leader asked him which way the troops had gone? "Why, massa," said he, "All you're got to do is to look at their tracks in the dust." And sure enough, the tracks plainly showed that they were running into a trap. Of course they turned back at once, declaring that they would hang the boy on the first convenient tree they came to. However, they did not go as far as that, probably intending only to frighten their prisoner well. So after a little, he was pushed suddenly off the horse, and falling into the road, was dragged a moment or two by the rope, and then left go; the Tories scampering off in

good earnest, leaving the boy lying in the dust, somewhat hurt, but not seriously. Mrs. King said that in after years of peace, when she was a little girl more than once driving with her father, a man passed them who was pointed out by her father as the man who had him on his horse, and who held the rope when he was dragged. And this was the way she came to hear the story.

ALAS, POOR HUDDY!

At a "Tea" given by the Nova Cæsarea Chapter in Newark I gave an account of two Revolutionary engagements—for they could not be called battles—that took place during the month of March in New Jersey.

In preparing that paper I noticed the remarkable dearth of battles that occurred during this war-like month of March.

I *might* have spoken of a fierce little conflict which took place on March 24, 1782.

It will perhaps be as well for me to recall to your memory the salient points of the little drama to which I have referred, and which to my mind is one of the most unique of the whole war.

I refer to the fight at Block House at Toms River, its valiant defense by Captain Huddy, his capture and brutal execution by the British.

Let us look away from the quiet Quaker city where Washington was spending the winter; away from New York, where Sir Henry Clinton was awaiting the pleasure of the British Ministry, to the county of Monmouth, where at the little village of Dover, on Toms River, in command of a fort recently erected, we shall find our hero ready to "do or die."

The reason for the erection of a fort at this quiet spot will be clearer when we remember that during the Revolutionary days the article of salt was so important a commodity that to encourage its manufacture State Legislatures gave it most weighty attention.

It was at Toms River that the Pennsylvania Salt Works were located, and it was to protect this industry that the Block House was built.

To capture this fortress, primitive though it was, a large armed crew left New York on March 20, 1782.

They arrived on Sunday the 23d, at daybreak, but none too early for Captain Huddy and his brave followers.

Wonderfully did they resist a force four times greater than their own, but soon the patriot ranks began to thin out.

History says Captain Huddy did all that a man could do to defend himself against superior numbers.

He was at last obliged to surrender. He was taken to New York, no mercy was shown him, and a few days afterward, under the charge of Captain Lippincott, was taken back to Middletown and hanged, Captain Lippincott personally pulling the fatal rope, saying as he did so, "Up goes Huddy for Phil. White." Thus was a wanton, inhuman murder committed, and thus died one of the bravest and truest men who fought for the independence of America.

But the end was not yet.

General Washington was at once informed of what had taken place, and it was decided that the case demanded instant retaliation, and that Captain Lippincott, or an officer equal in rank to Captain Huddy, *must* be surrendered.

Sir Henry Clinton refused to give up Captain Lippincott, who said he had acted under orders from Governor Franklin, the last royal Governor of New Jersey.

Sir Guy Carleton having taken command of the British Army, was appealed to. He expressed regret at what had taken place, and it was finally ordered that a British captain should be selected by lot to suffer for the murder of Captain Huddy.

The lot fell upon Captain Asgill, a young Englishman, only nineteen years of age, who was then a prisoner at Lancaster.

And now began a most wonderful series of events.

A sympathy for Asgill spread like wildfire, to the Court of St. James, then to Versailles, where the Count de Vergennes, Prime Minister of Louis XVI, implored Marie Antoinette to intercede.

General Washington received a most pathetic letter from Lady Asgill, his mother, and in fact, many letters passed between England and America, Asgill remaining a prisoner.

On November 7, 1782, Congress passed this resolution.

"*Resolved*, That the Commander-in-Chief is directed to set Captain Asgill at liberty."

This was sent him at once, with a most polite letter from Washington, which certainly merited a reply, though history does not record it.

Asgill at once returned to England as the "Conquering Hero," receiving both in France and England tremendous ovations, all the details of the affair being known.

And what of poor Huddy?

Cicero says: "The perfection of glory consists in three things: First, that the people love us. Second, that they have confidence in us. Third, that they think we deserve to be honored."

If *this* be true, then to-day we can place Huddy on a pedestal, feeling that he fitly deserves a place with the martyrs of the war.

A poet of the Revolution, Philip Freneau, who lies near Captain Huddy in the old Freehold graveyard, wrote in a humorous poem:

"I'll petition the rebels (if York is forsaken),
For a place in their Zion, which ne'er shall be shaken.
I'm sure they'll be clever, it seems their whole study,
They hung not young Asgill for old Captain Huddy.
And it must be a truth that admits no denying,
If they spare us for murder, they'll spare us for lying."

MARY SHERRERD CLARK.



A COLONIAL DAME.

BY MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

“GOVERNOR THOMAS DUDLEY,
Born in Northampton, England, 1576.

Married

DOROTHY ————,
Born 1582; Died 1643.”

[“Thomas Dudley was appointed to the command of a company, marched into the field, and was at the siege of Amiens, under Henry IV. On the conclusion of a treaty of peace, Captain Dudley returned to England, and settled in the neighborhood of Northampton. Here he married ‘a gentlewoman whose extraction and estate were considerable,’ which circumstance introduced him to an acquaintance with several eminent and pious dissenting clergymen.”—*Moore's Governors of New Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay.*]

DOROTHY, maiden of myth and of mystery,
Gravely evolved as a matron of history;
Blameless we find thee in early benignity,
Born in the midlands, a spinster of dignity,
Fair in estate, and of gentle heredity.
This and this only do chronicles tell of thee.

Child of a century, strange and magnificent,
Ah! could we know all the gossip and incident,
Nearing thy cradle, and blent in thy lullabies;
Tales of thy neighbors, with shrugs and uplifted eyes,
As thy capped nurses might temper or emphasize
Castle diversions or chivalrous enterprise.
What a rare picture of figures dramatical,
Splendid in story, and shining in canticle;
Idle rehearsals of Kenilworth's festal time;
Glimpses of grandeur, and bits of a player's rhyme;
Whispered suspicions and hints of dark tragedy;
Rumors enchanting of love and conspiracy.

Dear smiling baby; predestined so dutiful,
Did'st thou not know of thy neighbor, the beautiful,
Princess of Tudor, created to complicate,
Tangling with witcheries, friendships of court and state?
Did'st thou not hear in thy soft winter slumbering,
How the bells pealed and the fires crackled, numbering

Cruel, insistent, the ten brief to-morrows,
The pitiful end of beguilements and sorrows ?
Did'st thou not know that just over the border line,
Cradled like thee, beside fair English hedge and vine,
Sweet Judith Shakspeare lay cooing her baby name,
Gaily unconscious of dramas or future fame ?

Happy thy years, beneath ash and elm avenue,
Pacid and plentiful, simple, sincere and true,
Ere thy tall lover came homeward from Picardy,
Looked in thy eyes, and confessed his regard for thee,
Told thee of emprise and valorous deeds afar,
Battling the Spaniards and Leaguers with brave Navarre.

Maid of Northampton, so faintly revealed to me,
Is there a tome in some dim hall concealed, to be
Found in time's fullness, wherein quaintly set in line
I may see clearly whence came thy life stream to mine !
Whether from springs mediæval, enriching, ran
Blood of mailed Norman or brawny-armed Aeldorman.

Dear is thy name, won through love in humility,
Borne in privations, adventure and dignity ;
Tranquilly shared in fair precincts baronial ;
Held in high state, with grave honors colonial.
Dorothy Dudley—renowned of posterity,
As the two queens of thy youth warred through life to be :
Mother of princes, whom all men may reverence,
Rulers of letters, of art and of eloquence.



WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

HISTORY OF THE ROCKFORD CHAPTER.

IN June, 1894, the State Regent of Illinois, Mrs. Alice L. R. Kerfoot, appointed Mrs. Ralph Emerson, of Rockford, Regent, with authority to organize a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution for that city.

In July invitations were issued to some four hundred ladies, whom the newly appointed Regent felt reasonably sure were eligible to the Order, to meet Mrs. Wm. Thayer Brown, of Chicago, a former resident of Rockford, and a member of the Chicago Chapter; thus combining a "society social" with an opportunity to bring the matter to the consideration of the Rockford ladies. There was a very full response to the invitation.

Mrs. Brown kindly consented to tell the ladies about the objects of the national organization, and to read a paper that she had recently written and read before the Chicago Chapter upon the adoption of the national flag.

By the first of August, the twelve ladies necessary to form a Chapter had filled out the blanks, and the applications were immediately forwarded to Washington for approval by the National Society.

The 19th of October, upon the occasion of the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the Regent invited the twelve charter members to a luncheon. Mrs. Brown being again in the city, met with the Chapter. The meeting was full of enthusiasm; flags were flying from several of the homes of the charter members, and the social noon hour was filled with reminiscences of the day.

The articles of convention between Lieutenant General Burgoyne and Major General Gates (a document drawn by Colonel Giles Jackson, chief of staff under General Gates), were also

read, as a copy of the document had just come into the possession of the Regent, who is a great-great-niece of General Giles Jackson in her mother's line of ancestry.

In January, 1895, the Regent gave the ladies of Rockford an opportunity to meet the charter members of the newly formed Chapter. The response was all and more than could have been expected.

The interest increased so rapidly, that before the 22d of February there had been over sixty applicants filed with the registrar of the Rockford Chapter, Mrs. Albert D. Early, and forwarded to Washington by the recording secretary, Mrs. Carrie Spafford Brett. It was not possible to get returns from Washington immediately, especially as the Rockford Chapter had flooded the desk of the Registrar General at Washington with new applications, at the very time when she was overwhelmed with work necessary to the convening of the National Congress of the Daughters at Washington. But nothing daunted, and feeling sure that the eligibility of the sixty applicants would finally receive recognition, the Regent accepted the request of the ladies to appropriately honor Washington's birthday, February 22, entertaining the suggestion of a "Colonial Tea," to be given by the corresponding secretary, Miss Harriet Blakeman, and of extending the invitations to the husbands of the Daughters.

All of those whose applications had gone forward were included in the celebration. The occasion was one of rare significance, inasmuch as it revealed the rich inheritance Rockford possessed of Revolutionary descendants to the third and fourth generation, that dwelling in the midst of Rockford's busy manufacturing are descendants of Miles Standish, of General Warren, of General Mead, of Major Robert Wilson who saw his commander Wolf fall mortally wounded before the heights of Abraham, and others too numerous to mention.

It was also an occasion of patriotic enthusiasm, so that one coming upon the festivities unexpectedly might well have believed herself in some old ancestral hall and among the veritable Revolutionary women of that day.

The calash, the ample silk bag of our grandmothers upon the arm, carrying snuffbox, spectacles, etc., of "ye olden time,"

the veritable high-heeled slippers worn in those days, the hair dressed in colonial style, all lent enchantment to the scene.

A card in the form of the traditional hatchet bore an historical name chosen with care for each guest, corresponding to a card placed at each plate on the tastefully arranged tables. Charming young misses in white with the national colors ornamenting their heads or waists flitted in and out among the guests. After the repast a beautiful hand-painted souvenir programme (the gift of our Regent) was given the guests as they assembled in the parlor for further entertainment.

In the absence of the Regent, who was attending the Fourth Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution in session at Washington, the Vice Regent, Mrs. William Lathrop, presided. A motion from Mrs. William A. Talcott that all business matters be postponed and we enter at once upon the programme was heartily acceded to.

The Vice Regent then extended a cordial welcome to the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution, and thanked the secretary for her very generous hospitality.

The registrar then read the following telegram from the Regent: "Greetings to the Rockford Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, on this day we celebrate." And also a telegram to the Continental Congress: "Rockford Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, appropriately celebrating the day, send greetings on this anniversary our country honors."

The Regent's "Greetings to the Chapter" were read by the registrar. Mr. W. C. Taft responded in a very happy manner.

GREETINGS TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: Brothers and Sisters, Sons and Daughters of our Grandsires of the Revolution, I am bidden to bring you greetings, not alone by the will of those who wished my services here to-night, but by the spirits of the living past (no longer a dead past, thanks to some patriotic soul).

In all bosoms the spark of patriotism was smouldering and needed but a breath to fan it into existence. And that breath, from the shadows of the past, has come none too soon for some of us. The connecting links that bound us to some fallen hero

or active patriot of those stirring times were fast dropping away ; it is well to have them forged anew, and that, while there are those living to connect them.

As one after another I have read the records of courage and bravery and wisdom of the ancestors of those now gathered in these rooms, to the second and third, and even the fourth generation, my enthusiasm has been aroused and it appears as though while we gather together, the glorious galaxy of names of the patriots, whose blood still flows in the veins of those who are sitting in this room, that we too are walking the heights of Bunker and Breed's Hill, listening to the first shots at Concord, following through the gloom of Valley Forge, and witnessing the surrender of Burgoyne, and later of Cornwallis. All of this blood witnesses to itself here to-day and in their name, and in the names of those sturdy patriots, I welcome you all.

But why pause I here ? Why linger here, for more venerable voices come down to us from the ages before. I welcome you as well in the name of the heroes who fought at Marston Moor, of the nobles who gathered at Runnimeade, of the Crusaders who died around the Holy Sepulchre, and of the Pilgrims and Chevaliers ; yes, and of the sturdy old Dutch Pioneers, all of whom brought from many a blood-stained field of freedom in the old world, the spirit of Cromwell, of William the Silent, of Admiral Coligny, and of the martyr Cranmer ; yea, in the name of all that is good and true in history, united with all that is good and true in womanhood, I welcome you, as thus we find ourselves banded together in commemorating their memory, in order that we may emulate the virtues of all, who, in any land, have given of their fortunes and of their lives in order that government for the right, and by the right, might not perish from among men.

I come also to greet you in the name of Lincoln, and Grant, and Sheridan, who so bravely fought that the principles of a nation's growth might prevail. Yea, more, future generations yet unborn bid me greet you with a pledge of loyalty that you will guard well and keep the pearl of great price, the pearl, pure patriotism untarnished, for their coming needs.

Daughters ! How much that means. If daughters then

heirs; if heirs how great is our responsibility. For to us it is given to hand down to later generations inviolate those principles for which our grandparents and great-grandparents fought and died.

It is a glorious inheritance, one to be proud of, one to be conserved, one to be perpetuated. And the record of those stirring times which wrought for all nations and for all time a clearer understanding of the rights of man, are thrilling indeed, but the half has not been told. Doubly interesting it will be for us when there shall be added to these historical accounts of the past, the part which our grandparents, and great-grandparents, and great-great-grandparents took in the War of the Revolution.

Fascinating as the wildest tale of fiction is that tramping through the woods of John Haskell, just liberated from the sugar house prison, whose granddaughter sits in our midst. Or the story of Israel Putnam's ride, you all remember it, before the Light Horse Tory Brigade. That ride was across the field of one Joseph Mead, brigadier general in the Revolutionary War, and his great-great-granddaughter is a sweet singer in our town of Rockford to-day. I might go on indefinitely giving you the inspiration of the past that has already come to us, but as a spark will kindle into a great flame, we need not multiply words, but let the fires kindle on the altars of your own hearts and ignite other fires on other altars, whose right to be proud of what their fathers did in establishing American Independence is as great as ours. This fire should not be left to die out from any hearthstone.

The hour was ripe for this organization. The country needed it. The future of our institutions demanded it. It behooves us then, Daughters—and Sons, too—to enthusiastically join our hands and pledge ourselves to renewed zeal for our country's good.

ADALINE E. TALCOTT EMERSON,

Regent.

The toast, "George Washington," was responded to by ex-Congressman, the Hon. Wm. Lathrop. In a most impressive manner he dwelt upon the life of Washington, and its influence still permeating the Nation's existence.

Mrs. Mary Haskell Freeman read a very interesting paper on, "Our Grandfathers and How They Lived."

Two original songs, written for the Daughters of the American Revolution by the Regent, Adaline Talcott Emerson, one entitled "Patriot Daughters," and another, "Daughters of our Grandsires," the music to the former having been written by Mrs. Nettie Hood Emerson, a member of the Chapter, added greatly to the evening's entertainment.

On the 17th of June the Daughters of the American Revolution were invited to meet at the residence of Mrs. Abby Warren Spafford, also the present home of the recording secretary, her daughter, to commemorate the battle of Bunker Hill.

The entrance was simply decorated with Stars and Stripes, while the portrait of General Warren, the hero of Bunker Hill, was adorned with the same national emblem. Mrs. Spafford, the hostess, being the grandniece of General Warren, and granddaughter of his brother, Dr. John Warren, of Boston, who was surgeon general during the entire War of the Revolution.

A table was appropriated to relics which had descended to Mrs. Spafford from her Revolutionary ancestors, and consisted of a pair of decanters, a decorated china fruit dish, and a pair of silver salt cellars, which belonged to Dr. John Warren, and a pair of slippers which belonged to his wife, the daughter of Governor Collins, of Rhode Island, and Mrs. Spafford's grandmother. Also a bracket made from a piece of wood taken from one of the naval ships engaged in the War of the Revolution, and which was sunk in Lake Champlain.

After preliminary business proceedings, a very interesting description of the battle of Bunker Hill was given by Mrs. Laura Potter Gregory. With a happy facility of expression, Mrs. Gregory placed before the Chapter the situation of the two armies, the brave but undisciplined and ill-accounted army of patriots, confronted by the experienced, well-disciplined, and brilliantly equipped troops of their British foe. The courage with which they met and twice drove them back only yielding when their ammunition failed.

Mrs. Spafford then gave a sketch of the life of General

Joseph Warren. This was followed by the reading of a poem, by Mrs. Carrie Spafford Brett, "The Grandmother's Story of the battle of Bunker Hill," written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, for the Centennial celebration of that event in Boston in 1875. This closed the exercises for the afternoon.

August the second was the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence by the members of the Colonial Congress. This was fittingly observed at the home of the Regent.

Invitations were issued for a five o'clock tea. The house was appropriately draped with flags, and streamers of red, white, and blue were pending from the old oak trees.

The tables were arranged on the lawn in the form of a hollow square and plates were set for about fifty guests. In the center of the square were stately palms, and ferns, and other hot house plants. Oriental rugs completely covered the ground under the tables, giving a Persian atmosphere to the whole, only that not in Persia could such a gathering of women have been seen.

Quietly as one and another gave terse histories of some of the notable signers of that remarkable document, the spirit of our forefathers settled down upon the audience. We knew more of the reasons for the steps which they had taken, we knew more of the courage which was necessary to take those steps, we knew more of the depth of an undaunted living faith, that truth and right, not might, must prevail, which gave those ancestors power to fight to secure for generations yet unborn true freedom and the inalienable right of every man to be himself a man.

All unconsciously, the sun that had looked down upon the scene in regal glory at first had sunk behind the tall church spire opposite, and the shades of evening were upon the Daughters e'er the last member had signed her name to the by-laws of our own little Chapter, in commemoration of that other momentous day, when mighty men put their names to the document that made them immortal and our Nation victorious.

It is difficult to give in a hastily written article that may be condensed for the columns of a national magazine, any idea of the enthusiasm growing out of this movement.

It emphasizes the presence in our midst of the spirit and

staunch integrity, to say nothing of the courage of our ancestors, who lived, and fought, and died for principles, that have made for our Nation's prosperity.

It is something to recall the fact that their blood flows in our veins, and to us is committed the trust to keep inviolate our Nation's faith.

What was the key note for which our forefathers declared their independence? Let us ask ourselves the question, Are we true to those principles which they sought to incorporate into the very foundation of our national life? Are we, their descendants, seeking above all else, to make sure of a goodly edifice upon the sure foundations which were laid with a Tytanic power in the stormy days of 1776?

These and many more questions will come before each individual Chapter, as it recounts the battles, the proceedings, the formations, the debates upon the points at issue in those former days.

The hour had come, and none too soon, when loyalty in the future could only be secured by loyalty to the past.

Hence we have a reason for being, and whether we live or die depends upon the faithfulness with which we honor the past.

Long may the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution exist to perpetuate the memories of the past, give courage for present action, and arouse enthusiasm for the future.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO.

PERSONS who used to predict that the commemorative exercises at Wyoming monument would last only a few years proved themselves neither prophets nor the sons of prophets. The gatherings on the third of July have gone on waxing greater each year until the seating capacity will have to be increased and the big canvass will have to be enlarged next year. The gathering was a large and representative one. The weather was perfect. The monument was beautifully decorated with flowers sent by Benjamin Dorrance. The Daughters of the American Revolution were present in a

body, wearing the insignia of their office, as were the Colonial Dames and Sons of the Revolution.

The Ninth Regiment band was present in full force, and Professor Alexander's men delighted the assemblage with its patriotic and classic selections, interspersed throughout the programme. The opening prayer was by Rev. David Craft, of Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania, who made the address a few years ago.

President Calvin Parsons, in his informal preliminary remarks, asked any present who attended the laying of the cornerstone sixty years ago to rise. Those who responded were William Dickover, Edward S. Loop, Mrs. Mary F. Pfouts, and Calvin Parsons.

A. Clark Sisson, of La Plume, gave "The Sword of Bunker Hill" so pleasingly that the assemblage insisted on his singing again. He then gave a selection by Bayard Taylor, entitled "General Scott and Corporal Johnson."

MR. BEECHER'S ADDRESS.

The speaker of the day was Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, New York. He is witty, sparkling, and a fascinating speaker. Dr. Beecher, who spoke without notes, began by alluding to the British and Indian invasion of Wyoming Valley from Elmira and Tioga Point one hundred and seventeen years ago, and facetiously referred to his own visit as an invasion from that same Elmira, by way of that same Tioga Point, an invasion which the assemblage might regret ere he had finished, and I fear me much that you will send your invitation next year reading thus: "Send us a mild massacre, but spare us the mouldy minister." But you have brought it down upon yourselves.

We celebrate to-day, or rather we commemorate, a massacre, the details of which were so familiar that he would not recount them. Massacres, he said, are no novelty in this world. If a monument were set up to commemorate every massacre of the world, the globe trotter would fancy himself in a stone-yard looking at the handiwork of the cutter. In Europe crosses are set up to mark the spot where murders are said to have taken place. The speaker alluded to the avenging of Wyoming by

the sending of General Sullivan to crush the Six Nations, the expedition taking much life and destroying many homes and vast acres of tilled fields. True, this devastation was upon Indians, but Indians are men. The infamy of the massacre of Wyoming is heaped upon the Indians. The Indians have no champions.

Mr. Beecher said he was not here to champion the Indian, but he made a plea for him on the ground of humanity. We talk of the white man's wrongs, but we overlook the red man's wrongs. On the ground that there were no good Indians but dead ones, our forefathers tried hard to turn them into good ones by killing them. Who can tell what kind of a man an Indian would be if he had never seen a white man? When the white man's weapons were added to the Indian's native cruelty he was a destructive being, and the Indian was not wholly responsible.

We celebrate massacres all the world over, for man is a fighting animal. I have stood on the field of Gettysburg and wondered what the Boys in Blue and the Boys in Gray would say to each other when they meet in the heavenly place and grasp each other by the hand. The speaker thought the first question by both would be, what were we fighting about? Gettysburg is covered with so many monuments to mark the slaughter that they lose their significance by their very number.

Mr. Beecher dipped into political economy and remarked that the greed of gain had been the cause of nine-tenths of all the bloody conflicts the world has ever seen. The discovery of America and its conquest was in the pursuit of gain. Allusion was made to the practice which the European monarchs had of selling tracts of land in America, which they did not own, and to the struggles growing out of the conflicting claims.

The primitive colonization of this land was under the impulse of acquisitiveness. All the explorers were looking for gold. Senator Sprague said: In the history of this cruel world, I have found nothing so cruel as a million dollars, except two million. The desire for gain has caused all the troubles of this world. When we rise above the brute beast the lust of life becomes the love of property. The Declaration of Independence says all men are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, but

the modern demand seems to be for life, liberty, and property. The perils which overlie our land is the question of property. Ask yourself what constitutes a just title in the sight of God? How much property may each man own? How can he dispose of this property? The Apostle Paul says, I am a debtor to all men; but the natural man says, All men are debtors to me.

The Indians were often cheated out of their title. Into the injustice of the white man's title the Indian infused his cruelty. Let me remind you that the monument which is to draw all people toward it is the cross. The battle of industry is harder to fight than the battles of war. Peace hath her victories no less than war. Fight the good fight of faith in this fair valley and you will gain your reward.

A WYOMING HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION.

A paper by Mrs. Miles L. Peck, of Bristol, Connecticut, of the Daughters of the American Revolution, entitled, "Wyoming Heroine of the Revolution," by invitation of the chairman, was read by Mrs. Katherine Searle McCartney, Regent of the Wyoming Valley Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. A synopsis is appended:

"A year ago, July 3, 1894, a company of ladies met in Bristol, Connecticut, and held exercises commemorative of the Wyoming massacre. They represented the Daughters of the Revolution, and in accordance with a custom which prevails in Connecticut of naming their Chapter after some woman who had lived during the Revolution, they named the Bristol Chapter for Katherine Gaylord, a fugitive from the Wyoming massacre, a brave pioneer mother who lost her husband in the battle, gave up her only son to the military service, and endured many privations. There must of necessity, says the essayist, be many names upon the monument which represent to you who read them, nothing but the fact that they were actors in that desperate struggle on July 3, 1778. Two of those names, however, represent to us in Bristol something more than this. They were from our town, their descendants still live among us. These were Aaron Gaylord and Elias Roberts.

Aaron Gaylord was born in Bristol in 1745, the son of one

of its first settlers. He married Katherine Cole and three children were born to them in Bristol, a son and two daughters. After serving five years in the Revolutionary War he and his family removed about 1776 to the Wyoming Valley, to join the Connecticut Colony. He was killed in the battle of Wyoming. His wife, Katherine, joined the throng of fugitives who set out across the almost pathless mountains for their old Connecticut homes. She and three children started early on the morning of July 4, but none too early, for before the sun arose they could see that the savages had set the torch to their homes. Day after day and night after night they made their way through the wilderness, in constant peril from wild animals and from even more savage Indians, and in imminent danger of starvation. They were several weeks on this wearisome journey to Connecticut. His thirteen-year-old son, Daniel, afterwards served in the war, returned to Wyoming, married, and ultimately removed to Illinois.

"Elias Roberts was one of the earliest settlers in Bristol. He and his son, Thomas, were among the Connecticut people who settled Wyoming, and both were there at the time of the battle. The father was killed. Elias was the father of Gideon Roberts, a Connecticut volunteer, who was one of the pioneers in the clock business in Bristol—those Yankee clocks now known all over the world."

Mrs. Peck's paper and its graceful reading by Mrs. McCartney elicited many compliments. It is a pleasing fact that the ladies of Bristol have raised funds for a monument to the memory of Katherine Gaylord, the Wyoming heroine, and the same was to have been dedicated yesterday, but the exercises have been postponed until autumn.

Mrs. McCartney read the paper with excellent effect, and accompanied the reading with some forceful and patriotic remarks of her own, which were warmly applauded.

FOURTH OF JULY AT HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Old Colony Chapter of Hingham, Massachusetts, celebrated the Fourth of July by a gathering at the house of its treasurer, Miss Willard, in the afternoon. The old homestead of the Willard family is full of curious survivals of the past, and in addition to these a collection of Colonial and Revolutionary relics was exhibited, which was full of interest.

Firearms and powderhorns borne at Bunker Hill, portraits of Revolutionary heroes and heroines, a lantern belonging to Paul Revere, some of the tea spilled at the Boston tea party, a cannonball two hundred and fifty years old, and numerous other objects were shown including old silver, china, articles of dress, etc., which were greatly enjoyed by the assembled guests.

The exercises of the day consisted of speeches from Rev. Mr. Day and Mr. Francis H. Lincoln, and a poem from Rev. Mr. Billings, who likewise read the Declaration of Independence. The opening address of the Regent, Mrs. J. H. Robbins, is as follows:

Friends and Daughters of the American Revolution: We are glad to welcome you here to-day at this gathering which represents our common feeling of patriotism on the great birthday of our country.

We have not drawn together merely to honor the Society of which we form a part, but rather to remember thankfully the immortal hours which made us a Nation.

In these days, when the new woman is so much to the front with schemes for the advancement and glorification of the sex, the Daughters of the American Revolution desire to stand proudly as representing the old woman (if my Chapter will not think the term invidious)—the woman to whom home and country stand first.

We desire to emphasize the family idea, the sentiment of true union; for what is our country but the great family, the large home to which we all belong, and which we delight to honor? It was on the Fourth of July, 1776, that this family set up for itself, and it is with joy we remember what those fathers and mothers of the past, our ancestors, did to make this American family possible.

The tie which binds us together goes back of all dissensions, like the bond of blood, and the hottest differences of opinion—even a family quarrel—cannot annihilate that relationship. Thus, after a convulsive struggle which threatened to tear our country in twain, brothers and sisters from North and South once more join hands as sons and daughters of the Revolution, and find their love unshaken and themselves ready to stand once more back to back against the world.

It is befitting that the Daughters of the American Revolution, who stand for peace and family affection, should meet to-day and tender hospitable greetings in the name of our common country.

The Fourth of July is the marriage day of States, as well as the birthday of our great mother, and as such should be honored everywhere by all her widely scattered children.

Here, in this old homestead replete with the spirit of the past, we can learn something of the customs of those early ancestors of ours, and recognize anew the stern and resolute hearts they bore within their breasts.

The sight of their old firelocks and rusty swords thrills us; their humble belongings, their ancient raiment, bring the men and women of the past near to us, and remind us of the homely ways of our forbears, and the splendid courage with which they faced the hardships of a new and untried world, and the experiment of an independent government by the people.

We have walked hand in hand with Liberty, until we have well-nigh forgotten what it meant to the men of the past to cut loose from the leading strings of tradition and stand alone.

They faced fearful odds. The penalty of their defiance was death. What trembling but valiant hearts must their mothers and wives and daughters have borne within their steadfast breasts as they sent forth their dear ones to be exposed, not only to the dangers of battle, but possibly to the ignominious punishment of treason. It is in no spirit of vain glory that we desire to keep alive the reverence for that past. Those sires of ours, those resolute mothers, are to us a living lesson which we do well to read. The virtues of patience, of thrift, of dauntless heroism were theirs, and their story can never be outworn.

In our extravagant and rattling age, noisy, adventurous, and amusing, it is well to set a day apart to dwell upon grave, old Continental times, upon lives remote, collected, narrow, illumined only by the lamps of piety and patriotism, from which such great results were born.

We remember on what a serious errand the boys of '76 went out, often never to return; we think of the hardships of our great-grandmothers, and their abiding anxieties, and by them are taught to face the world's battle more simply and bravely, to be more indifferent to luxury, more self-respecting and earnest, and ever ready to rise to a great issue.

Others will here to-day dwell upon the glory of that past we are so glad to honor. Let it be mine to remind you of the solemn faith, careful frugality, the unflinching courage of Revolutionary women. They sought no personal favor, no public recognition, no wider reach for their faculties, but, in loneliness and silence, in hardship and anxiety, bore their terrible burden. Who shall say their service was a slight one, outweighed by the platform and the ballot box of to-day? It was theirs to help to form a nation, to work at home while the men went forth to battle, and who better than they illustrate that

"They too serve, who only stand and wait."

It is from such women, wise, careful, all enduring, self-sacrificing, that great men draw courage and steadfastness. It is they who uphold a nation and keep alight the fires upon its hearthstone and the lamp in its shining windows. Their character is what tells in the moulding of future generations.

Let no Daughter of the American Revolution chafe at the narrowness of her sphere, nor complain that she lacks a wide field to work in, since she has always her own soul to enlarge and a life to illumine.

These are the lessons we draw from the memory of our ancestors. With their might they did what their hands found to do, and, men and women together, established this home and Nation where we now dwell happy and secure.

In their name we welcome you to-day, and the Old Colony Chapter has gathered together in this venerable house many a curious relic of those far-off days. It is our proud privilege to cherish those possessions of our forefathers and to bring them together, to revive the past so glorified by their steadfast valor and patience.

We welcome you heartily to our festival and to renew our patriotic feeling for this great day, I beg you will all join in singing our national hymn, America.

After the exercises there was a collation and social gathering, while opportunity was given for the examination of the relics.

JOHN MARSHALL CHAPTER CELEBRATES FLAG DAY.

THE John Marshall Chapter was entertained, June 14, 1895, at the residence of Mrs. John A. Larrabee, in the "Highlands." The parlors and hall were beautifully decorated with flags. The large folding doors from the hall and also between the parlors were draped in red, white, and blue; on each side of the doorway, as you entered the front parlor, were life size portraits of Washington and Henry Clay, draped with silk flags. On the door, in the back parlor, facing front, was a portrait of General Robert E. Lee, also decorated with silk flags, while below the portrait was the Lee family-tree, which family Mrs. Larrabee descended from on the maternal side. On each side of the folding doors, between the parlors, were the family crests of the Larrabee's and the Bulkley's in bronze. The motto on the Larrabee coat of arms is "Quo Fata Vocat." The Bulkley motto "Nec Temere Nec Timide," these were also decorated with smaller size silk flags. A small flax spin-

ning-wheel over two hundred years old occupied a prominent position before the front parlor fireplace, and in the same room were two large tables filled with family relics, such as pistols, watch, razors in case, fine old dishes, cooking utensils, books, bibles, and old documents from the Bulkleys', Sayres', Lees', Riggs', and Larrabee families; also a fan, which was used at John Hancock's wedding, when he married Dorothy Quincy. He was married at the residence of Mr. Thaddeus Burr, in Fairfield, Connecticut. Mrs. Eunice Dennie Burr was a great-greataunt of Mrs. Larrabee. Two flint lock pistols and a watch, razors, and case, which were used by her ancestor, Joseph Bulkley, during the Revolutionary War, and sent by him before he died to his only great-grandson and namesake, Joseph Bulkley, a brother of Mrs. Larrabee. An English ale-mug, over two hundred years old, beside many other fine and valuable dishes, blankets, and spreads, home-spun by ancestors of the Revolution. Old spoons and a dish which was brought over in the Mayflower by Thomas Rogers and inherited by his great-granddaughter, Jane Rogers, who married Ephraim Larrabee. There were also the original document from the Pejepscot Company to Captain Benjamin Larrabee, who was in command of Fort George in 1727, now Brunswick, Maine. Also the original commission appointing Joseph Bulkley, captain, given by the Captain General and Commander-in-Chief of the Connecticut troops, Matthew Griswold, Esq., in 1785, and the papers for a pension, which was granted to Joseph Bulkley in 1832 by Congress, unsolicited by him.

The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Wm. Lee Lyon, the Regent.

After the reading of the minutes and roll call, several letters were read by Mrs. E. N. Maxwell, chairman of the Relic Committee, in regard to soliciting and securing Colonial and Revolutionary relics for the Atlanta Exposition.

Then followed a song, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," by Misses Chastine MacGregor and Hattie Lee Larrabee. They were accompanied by Mrs. Margaret Ward Bell.

Mrs. J. W. McCarty read a historical selection. Song, "Star Spangled Banner," by the members of the Chapter. This was followed by an original essay on "The Flag," by Mrs.

John A. Larrabee. Song, "My Country, 'tis of Thee." On the piano stood a frame containing a letter and the first verse of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," in the author's own handwriting. After the programme ended, Mrs. Larrabee's two little grandchildren, Marguerite Bulkley Larrabee, age seven years, and John Henry Larrabee, age six years, presented each lady with a beautiful satin badge, with the flag in its colors, borne by a large spread eagle in grey, above which was printed in large letters, "John Marshall Chapter, D. A. R.," and surmounting the flag was the motto, "In God We Trust." Below the eagle was 1777, June 14, 1895; and beneath the dates was printed,

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

When the ices were served, in each ice was a tooth pick with a small silk flag attached, and the napkins used were paper flags. This was our last meeting for the summer and it will long be remembered, for it was truly "Flag Day."

S. L. H.

BUNKER HILL DAY.

THE closing meeting of the season of the Mary Silliman Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the twelfth since its organization, was held in the historical rooms, which had been beautifully trimmed by the committee on decorations; the Regent, Mrs. Harriet L. Burroughs Toney, presiding. It was a notable gathering, not only on account of numbers, but because of the presence of welcoming guests from neighboring Chapters, and of husbands of members, and of a sprinkling of Sons of the American Revolution. The programme began with a "Song of the Birds," beautifully given by a double quartette. Mrs. Henry Patchen, Mrs. Sturtevant, Mrs. H. B. Drew, Mrs. R. C. Hard, Mrs. W. B. Spencer, Mrs. William E. Seeley, and the Misses Edith Stickles and Carrie Silliman. This was followed by the reports of the secretary and registrars, and an expression of thanks from the "Sons" for the generous response for flowers for Revolutionary graves on Memorial Day.

The reading of a letter from a Daughter, now in Paris, Miss

Burritt, describing a visit to the grave of General Lafayette, called forth a suggestion from Mrs. Morris B. Beardsley, that the Mary Silliman Chapter, imitating the good action of the Sons of the American Revolution in Massachusetts, should have placed upon the grave of that distinguished friend of America, a memorial wreath such as are used in France for the graves of heroes. A suggestion was also made by Mrs. Tracey B. Warren to have suitably marked in some permanent way the old Franklin millstone in the southwestern part of the city, and to petition to have the original name, the "King's Highway," restored to North avenue.

A very delightful welcome was then extended to the Daughters in the following poem by Mrs. Howard J. Curtis :

A welcome to the Daughters here !
How well one loves to be
Surrounded by such loveliness
In such good company,
Though not distinguished in ourselves
We all know very well,
That noble blood flows in our veins,
And always " blood will tell."

How strange it is that until now
No women every thought
Of forming a society
In name of those who fought
In worthy cause, to commemorate
The deeds of women who have been
Remarkable and great.

Why there was Jael, long time ago,
Who at one timely blow
Procured the death of Sisera
And freed the land from foe.
Yet to commemorate her deeds
The Jewish dames did fail—
Perhaps they shrink to call themselves
The " Daughters of the Jael !"

There was the English Boadicea,
There was Joan of Arc,
The women surely of those days
Were ignorant and dark
Not to have seized the bright idea
Societies to make,

And talk about these women bold
And have some tea and cake.

No, it was left for women now
In times from those afar,
To hit the nail upon the head
In this, the D. A. R.
The happier thought of womanhood
It may be freely said
Since Jael placed her little nail
And hit it on the head.

I see a smile among the men.
Perhaps they think this way,
"These women stole the thought from us,
Or borrowed, let us say."
Sisters, I thought it quite a risk
To ask these men you know.
Just let me speak to you aside,
Had not they better go!

At least it was a noble thought,
No matter how it came,
To draw from deep obscurity
So many a woman's name.
In Revolutionary times
They worked the hard years through
For liberty, as well as men,
And should be honored, too!

Alas! most deeds are still obscure,
Most names are still unknown.
When we look up our lineage lines
We find the men alone
Are noted down for worthy deeds,
For few in those dark days
Thought very much of woman's work,
Or wrote much of her praise.

So when we join the D. A. R.
No choice is on us thrust,
We join through the male ancestor,
We hate to—but we must.
Not that we do not love their deeds
And honor every name—
But there are all the S. A. R.
To glorify their fame.

Perhaps we, too, will be forgot,
And laid upon the shelves.
(Though if that's likely, sisters dear,
Write down your lives yourselves!)
'Tis not our name, 'tis not our fame
We would to others give,
But many good unselfish deeds
Whose consequences live !

The Chapter felt greatly privileged in again being permitted to enjoy charming violin solos by Mr. Leslie Vaughan, whose music captivated every one at the April meeting. *Le Cygne Gaintsaens*; *La Cinquantaine*, by Gabriel-Marie, and *Romance*, by Ivendsen, were rendered with exquisite effect.

That the interest in historical research is steadily growing, was shown by the close attention paid to the reading of the very interesting lineage paper presented by Mrs. James Richard Burroughs. The descendants of heroic ancestors are surely awakening to an appreciation of the priceless legacies left them in the noble lives so grandly lived in the perilous times of our Nation's birth. The recalling of these proud names, half forgotten in the stirring, busy present, has become one of the noted features of the meetings, and always calls forth enthusiastic applause, and it can be safely asserted that when the volume is complete, and every daughter has contributed her record, it will be placed with mingled pride and reverence among the archives of the Society.

So tenderly rendered that it almost drew tears was the singing of *Ben Bolt* by Miss Stickles, which preceded the reading of a spirited poem by Miss Susie Naramore, telling how resolute young girls of '76 banded together and raised the frame of the house themselves that the young husband had left unfinished to join the troops at Bunker Hill.

Another beautiful song by the quartette, "*The Water Lily*," was followed by a thrilling account of a journey across the Continent in the early days of the Republic, by Miss Fannie Wardin, and a short poem, "*Then and Now*," 1775-1895, by Miss Jeannett Booth. Both were well received. The martial ring of the "*Sword of Bunker Hill*," sung by Miss Henry Patchen, stirred the blood in everybody's veins, and the fine selections read by Miss Hanover, the historian, from the ad

dress at the laying of the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill monument, which occasion was graced by the presence of General Lafayette, emphasized the anniversary the meeting celebrated.

With genuine interest and the closest attention all followed Mrs. Bunnell in the exhibition and explanation of four old paintings by Earl, an artist in the company that went from New Haven to Lexington.

Old friends of Miss Anna S. Mallett, of Washington, District of Columbia, late Registrar General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, listened with pleasure to her greeting, and with interest to her account of the new Society lately formed, the Children of the American Revolution. A few words of encouragement from President Rowland B. Lacey, of the "Sons," closed one of the most interesting meetings of the year. The time was too limited to show to advantage the quaint old gowns embroidered by dainty fingers more than one hundred years ago. The "hair-covered" trunk, in which a wedding outfit was once carried, but which could be comfortably stowed away in the hat box of a modern "Saratoga," the old coins, the engravings of historic places and pictures of old heroes, and silver knee-buckles worn by the great-grandfather of Miss Ellen M. Burns, a brave soldier who fought at Bunker Hill, Ticonderoga, and Quebec, and who rose while in service to the rank of major, and who afterward stood with Lafayette at the laying of the cornerstone at Bunker Hill, a vigorous man, who on his ninetieth birthday walked up Mount Washington, returning to Fabian the same day. The Chapter feels under infinite obligations to the generous friends who have contributed so much in a musical way to the entertainments during the year, and especially should thanks be extended to Miss Stickles, to Mr. Vaughan, and to Mrs. Patchen, and the double quartette, and to Mrs. Elmer Beardsley, who added so much to the last entertainment.

ORGANIZATION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON CHAPTER.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CHAPTER, of Galveston, of the National Society of the Daughters of American Revolution, was organized at the residence of Mrs. George Seligson, on June 17, anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. The following are the names of the charter members who were accepted by the Board of Management at Washington, D. C., and who were present at the meeting:

Mesdames Sydney T. Fontaine, Allen J. Smith, Edwin Bruce, George Seligson, William Pitt Ballinger, Edward Harris, Thomas Groce, M. V. Judson, Edward Randall, Andrew Mills, Theodore K. Thompson, John A. Harrington; Misses Bettie Ballinger, Maggie M. Jones, Shirley V. W. Fontaine, Lillian Seligson; also Mrs. Maria C. Kimball, Miss Mary Davis, Miss Emma Davis, and Miss Noble were present and eligible, and will make their applications for membership.

The Chapter was presided over by Mrs. Sydney T. Fontaine, Chapter Regent for Galveston, who made the following appointment of officers of the Chapter:

Mrs. Allen J. Smith, Vice Regent; Miss Bettie Ballinger, Secretary; Mrs. Edward Harris, Treasurer; Mrs. Edwin Bruce, Registrar; Miss Maggie M. Jones, Curator; Miss Lillian Seligson, Librarian; Mrs. Thomas Groce, Historian.

The objects of this Society are to perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence by the acquisition and protection of historical spots and the erection of monuments; by the encouragement of historical research in relation to the Revolution and the publication of its results; by the preservation of documents and relics and of the records of the individual services of Revolutionary soldiers and patriots, and by the promotion of celebrations of all patriotic anniversaries. To carry out the injunction of Washington in his farewell address to the American people: "To promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge," thus developing an enlightened public opinion and affording to young and old such advantages as shall develop in them the largest capacity for per-

forming the duties of American citizens ; to cherish, maintain, and extend the institutions of American freedom, to foster true patriotism and love of country, and to aid in securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty.

The Chapter adopted for its motto the one taken from the seal of General Lafayette: "Where liberty dwells there is my country." This seal was presented to Mrs. Fontaine's father, the late Dr. Lawrence A. Washington, by General Lafayette on his last visit to the United States, when the doctor was a child about four years old, and was sent to Mrs. Fontaine by Mrs. C. W. Saunders, of Denison, her sister, who owns the seal, to be used at the organization of the Chapter.

Only those who are lineal descendants of those who with unflinching zeal aided the cause of American Independence are eligible.

This is the first Chapter organized in Texas. Mrs. James B. Clark, of Austin, is State Regent.

The Society is national, chartered by Congress, has a membership of over eight thousand six hundred, and is not connected with the Society known as the "Daughters of the American Revolution."

RECEPTION TO MISS MARY A. GREENE, STATE REGENT OF RHODE ISLAND.

A DELIGHTFUL reception to the State Regent of Rhode Island was given by Mrs. Hiram F. Hunt, the Regent of the Kingston Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at the old courthouse in Kingston, Rhode Island, on Thursday, August 8.

The spacious courtroom, on the second floor, was transformed into a charming colonial reception room by the presence of a very valuable loan collection of relics. All the old families of the "South County," such as the Helme's, Uppike's, Robinson's, Potter's, Hazard's, and others, were represented by choice old silver, rich brocaded gowns, oil portraits, and coats-of-arms, not to speak of miniatures, silhouettes, rare old china, spinning wheels, embroideries, and draperies of ancient blue and white counterpanes.

In a room on the lower floor stood an old hand-loom at which an old man was weaving blue and white and red and white counterpanes, and table covers in the old quaint patterns.

The State Regent, Miss Mary A. Greene, occupied a seat of honor in an ancient chair belonging to the Updike ancestors of Mrs. Hunt, in which the famous Bishop Berkeley was wont to sit when he visited Kingston. Miss Greene addressed the Daughters upon the object and aims of our Society, and was followed by Miss Amelia S. Knight, Vice President General of the National Society.

Miss Julia E. Smith, of Westerly, a Vice President of the Children of the American Revolution, told of the formation in Westerly of a Chapter of Children; and Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, President of the Children's Society, made a stirring address.

There were present: Miss Anna B. Manchester, Regent of the Bristol Chapter; Mrs. Edward A. Greene, Regent of the Pawtucket Chapter; Miss Anna Metcalf, Regent of the Woonsocket Chapter; Mrs. Thomas W. Chace, Regent of the Chapter in East Greenwich; Mrs. William R. Talbot, Honorary Regent of the Gaspee Chapter; the Misses Talbot, Mrs. Richard J. Barker, historian of the Gaspee Chapter, and many other Daughters, actual and prospective.

Tea was poured and delicious refreshments served by the Kingston Daughters, who have cause to feel proud of the success of their "coming out" party.

The Chapter is nearly ready for formal organization, which will take place in the fall.

REPORT OF THE PITTSBURG CHAPTER.

THE Chapter held its last meeting for the summer and celebrated the anniversary of its organization on the afternoon of June 11, at Guyasuta, the residence of Mrs. William M. Darlington. The meeting was informal, the Regent, Mrs. Park Painter, presiding. Patriotic songs were sung, led by Mrs. Martin and Miss Kennard, accompanied by Miss Bennery and Miss Aiken. The historian read extracts from the "Life of Guyasuta (a Seneca chief, who is buried on this place), fol-

lowed by an article on "Flag Day," read by Miss Kate C. McKnight. Mrs. Hogg made some remarks concerning the Atlanta Exposition, and the ladies adjourned for refreshments, and to walk about the grounds. Flags were used for decorations. About one hundred and twenty-five members were present.

M. O'H. DARLINGTON,
Historian.

CELEBRATION OF LANDING OF "SHIP LYON."

On the 14th day of August, 1682, the "Ship Lyon," from Liverpool, bearing forty persons, representing seventeen families of Welsh Colonists, arrived in the River Schuylkill, two months before William Penn landed from the "Ship Welcome," on the Delaware. Merion Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held an open air meeting at Pencoyd (where the Lyon is said to have landed) to commemorate this day. Miss Margaret B. Harvey, the historian of Merion Chapter, read a very interesting paper on "Forefathers' Day." The twelve charter members of this Chapter each had an ancestor who arrived on the "Lyon," as also has their "Star Member," Mrs. Louisa Heston Paxson, aged ninety-four years.

DORA HARVEY MUNYON,
Regent, Merion Chapter.





COLONEL JOSEPH CROCKETT.

THE first authentic account we have of the ancestry of the subject of this sketch is taken from an old record, which was brought to this country from France about 1717, by some member of the family.

The name in France was Crocketagni. After the members of the family changed their religion and became Protestants, they were banished and forced into exile by Louis XIV, before he had revoked the edict of Nantes. Many of the Protestant families in the south of France fled to England, Scotland, and Ireland. Some of the Crocketts lived for some time in England, but were afterwards employed by the Maurys and Fontaines as commercial agents in the wine and salt trade of which they had a monopoly at that time.

Antoine Dissasune Pennett de Crocketagni, the son of Gabriel Crocketagni, was born at Montaubau, France, in 1643. In 1644 Gabriel Crocketagni obtained for his son a position in the household troops of Louis XIV.

This son of David Crocketagni was said, according to tradition, to have been one of the handsomest young men in the south of France. He was an excellent horseman and devoted

to his calling. His fine appearance and love of duty drew the favorable attention of the king, who was anxious to retain him in his service and place him second in command of the household guards. In 1669 Antoine Crocketagni was married to Louise Desaix. After his marriage he retired from the military service of Louis XIV and removed to Bordeaux, where he became acquainted with the grandchildren of John de la Fontaine, and the distinguished French Protestant, Matthew Maury, whose descendants to-day are very numerous in Virginia and the Carolinas, and whose great-grandson, Matthew F. Maury, was the founder of the National Observatory at Washington. At Bordeaux he entered the merchant's service of the La Fontaines and the Maurys, who controlled almost the whole wine trade in the southwest of France. In three years after becoming acquainted with his employers and through their influence, Antoine de Crocketagni and wife, Louise Desaix, became members of the Church of England.

In 1672, the bishop of Lyons, through the king, ordered all heretics to leave the south of France within twenty days. The Crocketagni family were among the exiled number. They, as agents for the Maurys and La Fontaines, took up their abode at Kinmore, near Bantry Bay, Ireland. Here the name was changed to Crockett.

To Antoine Crockett and wife were born seven children, but in this sketch I will mention only one, Joseph Louis, who was born in 1676, and married Sarah Stuart, of Donegal, in 1701. To them were born ten children; one, John Crockett, was born near Bantry Bay, Ireland, in 1707. In 1732 he married Eliza Benly, a daughter of Captain James Benly, who was a native of France, employed in the merchant service of the French Protestants in the south of France. Captain Benly placed his daughter under the careful training of Matthew Maury. She was converted to Protestantism under his instruction and emigrated with his family to Virginia. John Crockett came to Virginia with his father when but a small child. On reaching manhood he became a teacher and followed that profession until his death, which occurred in 1770. He taught for some years at White Post Academy. After his marriage he removed

to Albemarle County, Virginia, and was principal of a high school until his death.

The eldest son of John Crockett was Joseph Crockett, the subject of this sketch, who was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, in 1742. He received an unusually good education for that early period. He was engaged in keeping a country store at Staunton, Virginia, when the Revolution began. But as a record of his services in that momentous struggle for independence, I will give an exact copy of a letter written by himself to Henry Clay in 1818.

JESSAMINE COUNTY, KY., *March 1, 1818.*

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND: I have seen an act of Congress making provision for the poor and indigent officers and soldiers of the late Revolutionary War that gained America her independence and gave her a high rank among the nations of earth. This act is evincive of great liberality of the members of the present Congress. I think Congress has extended help as far as any reasonable and honest old soldier could wish or expect. It is true many of them are extremely poor and needy. I am poor myself, but I don't think I come within the provision of that law. All I can wish or ask for is that I may receive the same liberality as my brother officers who served with me. Many of them did not serve one-fourth of the time I did. The greater part of them received commutation for five years' pay. I know of no other reason only I was living then in a distant portion of Kentucky without mail facilities, where newspapers were rarely seen or read. This, I believe, was the reason why I did not receive timely notice of their liberality, and I will beg leave, sir, to give you a short detail of my military service.

In the fall of 1774 I went as a private soldier with Colonel Andrew Lewis and was engaged in the battle of Point Pleasant. In the year 1775 the County Committee of Public Safety of Albemarle directed that two companies be raised and organized for the defense of the western section bordering on the Ohio River. One company was to be stationed at Point Pleasant, the other at Long Island Flats on the Holstin River.

The late General William Russell was appointed captain and in his company I was appointed lieutenant. In the winter

of 1776 the captain received orders to discharge his company and ordered to raise two new companies for the Continental Army. The County Committee proceeded early in the spring to appoint their officers. I was appointed captain and marched a full company to Williamsburg the 5th of May the same year and did duty in Virginia the greater part of the time at Blackwell's Island. In the winter of 1777 we marched to Philadelphia. I did service as a captain that year and was appointed major and raised two companies for General Daniel Morgan's rifle regiment. I was engaged in the battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778. After the battle I became lieutenant colonel and remained in the army until the arrangements of the army by the resolves of October, 1780, were carried into effect, when I was reduced. I served as a private in the battle of Point Pleasant, lieutenant at the battle of White Plains. Also at the surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, October 17, 1777. Engaged in the battles of Brandywine, Princeton, Trenton, and suffered with the army at Valley Forge from December 4 until the spring of 1777. In August, 1779, I was ordered to join General George Rogers Clark. In that year I served as lieutenant colonel in what was called the "Illinois" or the "Crockett" regiment. I served over eighteen months with General Clark and did not return home until late in January, 1782. I was in many of the battles and skirmishes with the Northwestern Indians on the Miami and helped to destroy Chillicothe and many other Indian towns in the northwestern territories. Many villages on the Wabash I assisted in destroying. As before stated I served under General Morgan in his many battles and skirmishes with the British near Philadelphia and in New Jersey and New York. At Red Bank two horses were shot under me by the enemy's sharpshooters concealed in the river thickets. I believe I was engaged in as many battles and skirmishes as any other officer or private who served under Generals Washington, Green, Morgan, Clark, and others. I was often in as many as four or five a week. In the year 1784 I moved to Kentucky. I have lived in the State ever since. I have written to you briefly and substantially the facts, as you have often heard me relate the sufferings and hardships we endured in winning our freedom and independ-

ence from Great Britain. Be kind enough to inform me whether I can get any benefit by that act of Congress.

I am your obedient servant,

JOSEPH CROCKETT.

HON. HENRY CLAY,

Member of Congress.

Among the most cherished relics of General S. W. Price, of Louisville, Kentucky, to-day, is the order-book used by his grandfather, Colonel Crockett, during the Revolution. While in the army of Virginia Colonel Crockett was detailed to especially guard the property of a widow lady by the name of Woodson whose husband was a cousin of Thomas Jefferson. The acquaintance thus formed proved so delightful that it culminated in marriage, and in 1782 Colonel Crockett became the husband of the "fair and bounteous lady," and the stepfather of her two sons. This union was a remarkably happy one, and Colonel Crockett proved to be a father indeed to Samuel and Lucker Woodson. He lived to see them occupying positions of trust and honor. Samuel Woodson represented his district in Congress for successive terms. He married a daughter of Colonel David Meade, one of the leading men of the Blue Grass region, an Englishman of noble birth, who brought to this country with him the wealth and culture of his English home, and made for himself a home in Kentucky which was the pride of the State. The beauties of "Chanmere" have been eloquently told by other pen than mine. The Woodson family stand high in society, and every descendant of Samuel or Lucker Woodson holds in high esteem the memory of Colonel Crockett, who proved himself to be a "father to the fatherless." A portion of Mrs. Woodson's dower property consisted of lands including those now occupied by the University of Virginia. After the Revolution Colonel Crockett was engaged in surveying lands and roads in various parts of Virginia. He surveyed the road from Charlottesville to Monticello, the home of his lifelong friend and neighbor, Thomas Jefferson. It was considered quite an engineering feat at the time. I am told that "the road is still in use." He also surveyed most of the lands comprising the homestead of Monticello.

After his removal to Kentucky in 1784 he became an influential citizen of Fayette County. In 1787 he was a subscriber to the Kentucky Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge. The following facts I found in Green's "Spanish Conspiracy:"

Joseph Crockett, from Fayette County, was a member of the convention held by the people of Kentucky at Danville in 1786 and 1787. November 27, 1786, Colonel Crockett wrote, "Since I have had the honor of a seat in the Legislature I have observed with pleasure that the executive was doing all in his power for the welfare and safety of the western frontier." In 1790 he was a member of the Legislature from Fayette County. 1791, returns are missing. In 1792 he was a member of Kentucky Senate under the first Constitution. From 1792 to 1795, was a member of Kentucky Legislature from Fayette County. In 1797 Colonel Crockett was appointed to erect a turnpike from Crab Orchard to Cumberland Gap. The following can also be found in "Green's "Spanish Conspiracy:" The charge that he had opposed a legal separation from Virginia was effectually disposed of by Colonel Crockett, one of the heroes of Monmouth and Yorktown in a letter to A. K. Marshall.

JESSAMINE CO., KY., Oct. 3, 1806.

DEAR SIR: In answer to your note of to-day I can clearly state that I was long and intimately acquainted with Col. Marshall, and the offices of civility were freely exchanged between us. In the commencement of the plan for separating from Virginia, I was myself opposed to the measure as probably premature, and the arguments of Col. Marshall convinced me that separation was a proper measure. He pointed out various reasons and many arguments in favor of a legal and constitutional separation. I was in the convention of Nov., 1788, with Col. Marshall and knew he was opposed to a violent separation from the U. S., and took on that subject most decided grounds, but he was warmly in favor of a legal and constitutional separation. * * * *

I am, dear sir, respectfully,
JOSEPH CROCKETT.

And Green further says, in speaking on the same subject, "they brought to their aid the influence and popularity of Joseph Crockett, who was fifth on their ticket, a man who had borne the brunt in the very 'forefront' of battle in the Revolution, and who was not found wanting when domestic treason had to be confronted. The four soldiers and the pedagogue announced themselves for another application to Virginia for a separation by legal and temperate means. Colonel Marshall, Colonel Crockett, Judge Muter, and John Allen were elected. Crockett became so alarmed at the speeches of Brown and Wilkinson, and at the memorial of the latter to the intendant of Louisiana, that he left his seat in the convention, hurried to Lexington, and obtained the signatures of several hundred citizens of Fayette County remonstrating against separation without the consent of Virginia, returned to Danville and presented the petition to the convention. After its being read, Wilkinson yielded to the inevitable."

In 1798 Jessamine County was formed from Fayette, and as Colonel Crockett's country seat was in that part of the county he was afterwards identified with Jessamine county. He was appointed United States marshal by Thomas Jefferson. The story is that when the names of the applicants were being read, the clerk read Joseph Crockett, Jefferson exclaimed, "Crockett, Crockett, is that honest Joe Crockett of Kentucky? If it is, you need not read another name, for honest Joe Crockett shall have it." I have heard my mother tell many times of how fond her grandfather was of telling the story in his old age, and of his assuring his grandchildren that "honesty was indeed the best policy." Colonel Crockett held the marshalship for eight years, and was the officer who arrested Aaron Burr at Frankfort in 1806. Colonel Crockett also delighted to tell that his commission as colonel came from Washington, and was handed to him by General Lafayette. When Lafayette was in this country he visited Lexington; when he and Crockett met they embraced each other and cried like children. They had met last on bloody ground. It was while in Lexington that an incident happened which Lafayette said "touched him more than anything else that had occurred on his triumphal journey through the States." A young girl of twelve or thirteen years,

Maria Henderson, a granddaughter of Colonel Crockett, was at an upper window of a hotel watching the parade; as the carriage came near containing Lafayette and Colonel Crockett, she began to sing, "Hail to the chief who in triumph advances." As the fresh young voice rang out, General Lafayette had the carriage stopped and listened, while the tears streamed from his eyes. He is reported to have said that it was the "greatest act of homage ever paid him." The inspiration of the moment proved to be the inspiration of the scene.

In appearance Colonel Crockett was very prepossessing, in fact a handsome man. He was over six feet in height, very spare, some stooping in his gait, and very neat in attire. He had a deliberate manner, and a strong, good voice. His honest, natural, and impressive manner rendered him a man of great popularity among the people of those days. He was known the country over as "Honest Joe Crockett." Few men ever sought less to lead, but few men have ever had more influence in a civil community. He was the father of six children, and his descendants to-day, so far as I can learn, are "worthy of their sire."

One son, John W. Crockett, served throughout the War of 1812. Many of Colonel Crockett's descendants proved their bravery on the terrible battlefields of the South during the Rebellion. Many of their young lives were given for the cause they believed to be right. Some wore the Blue—some the Gray.

"These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet."

One grandson, John W. Crockett, who died in Kentucky a number of years ago was as fine a lawyer as Kentucky ever produced, and as an orator was not excelled by any. Many of the other descendants are lawyers of eminence, some are skilled physicians, and one at least a poet of considerable report. Among those who are worthy of much more than a passing notice, if space allowed, are Colonel Bennett H. Young and General S. W. Price, of Louisville, Kentucky; Ingram Crockett, of Henderson, Kentucky, the poet referred to above; and Dr.

James Taylor, of Bloomington, Illinois. Dr. Taylor's wife is the very efficient Regent of the Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

As a family we are proud of our Crockett blood, and prouder still are we of the example of patriotism left us by Colonel Crockett and others of the name, for there were no less than six of his family who fought for American Independence.

In 1828 Colonel Crockett was granted a pension. He died quietly at his home three miles northwest of Nicholasville, Kentucky, early in October, 1829. There in the old family burying ground, God's acre truly, with the myrtle covering the mound and the aspens bending lovingly over him, "he sleeps well." The monument bears the single inscription, "Honest and Patriotic in Life."

ANNA BELL TUCK,

Great-granddaughter of Colonel Crockett, member of Chicago Chapter, D. A. R.





LETTER FROM THE HON. JOSEPH WOOD, OF NEW
HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, WHEN A SENIOR IN
YALE COLLEGE, TO HIS SISTER, MRS.
NOAH HORT, OF CASTLETON,
VERMONT.

[Contributed by Mrs. W. Irving Vinal.]

NEW HAVEN, *January 10, 1801.*

DEAR SISTER : I am not a little ashamed when I look at the date of your letter and count the number of days which have passed by since that time—I ought to have written long before this—but stop, do not condemn me yet. I will tell my story and then, if you do not think my reasons sufficient for my palliation, you may write me a severe lecture or command some other punishment more rigorous, if that will not suffice.

I received yours on Christmas Day and was much pleased to find you had experienced so much pleasure in your visit at New York. The unpleasantness of your voyage was misfortunate ; but from your expressions, I am inclined to think the agreeableness you found, after your arrival there, was sufficient to compensate for the tediousness of your journey. [This voyage was probably by sloop from Greenwich to New York.] Soon after Christmas, you know, the New Year and not only this, the New Century commenced. As this is a period which few people see but once it is natural to suppose that the generality of mankind would be unwilling to let it pass by without noticing it. The good old Christians of New Haven, therefore, thought it proper to collect as large and respectable a number

both of the old and young as they could, to celebrate the period. Accordingly, managers were appointed to make the collection.

On the last evening in December a number of the old and young of both sexes assembled at the old Assembly hall. I should judge the number of ladies to be 120, 15 or 20 of whom were perhaps upwards of 50 years of age. Among this last number was old Madam Wooster, widow of General Wooster, killed in the last war [American Revolution]. This lady was between 70 and 80 years old. She said she had not been at a ball before since the middle of the 18th century, which was 50 years ago. She was, notwithstanding her age, very lively and cheerful in the ballroom, but could not be prevailed upon to dance. Suffer me here to mention one instance to illustrate her mirth on the occasion, which I think worth noticing, considering her age. All the musicians, except the drummer boy, happened to be absent from the room. The drummer began to beat to call them up. This venerable old lady got up and went to the drummer and requested him to play some of her favorite tunes which she mentioned. She then asked him to play Washington's March. Upon which Mr. Isaac Beers, aged about 55, as I should suppose, took her by the hand and marched across the room taking the steps suited to the tune. As this was done in the presence of the greater part of those who were in the room it caused much mirth and applause, which was manifested by the usual manner of clapping the hands.

The number of gentlemen was not quite so large as that of the ladies. I should imagine there were about 70 or 80. A considerable number of these were aged men and several members of the churches in this town—2 or 3 of the managers were upwards of 50 years old and members of the church also. A little before 11 o'clock an excellent supper was prepared at which the ladies first sat down. Afterwards another table was furnished at which the gentlemen sat down. We happened to be at the table a little before 12, and as soon as 12 arrived the 18th century was at a close you know. Accordingly the following toast was given by Mr. Isaac Beers which was drunk 2 or 3 times—"May all be as happy at the close

of the 19th century as we are at the close of the 18th." Great applause was manifested at each time drinking and all appeared to be as happy as this world could make them. Thus ended the 18th and commenced the 19th century with me. I certainly never enjoyed more pleasure in a ballroom in one night than I did at that ball. I did not intend to attend it but as I thought it very improbable that I should ever see another of the kind and as many old people were to attend [over fifty years old!] my curiosity influenced me to go—and besides I was obliged to go out of politeness to the two ladies who [last of letter lost.]

E. WARD'S DEPOSITION, 1756, BEFORE SAMUEL SMITH, CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

THE thirtieth Day of June in the year of our Lord one Thousand seven hundred and fifty-six. Before me Samuel Smith Esq one of his Majesties Justices for the County of Cumberland aforesaid came Edward Ward of the said County Gent. And upon his solemn oath did depose and declare that he this Deponent was Ensign of a Company of Militia under the Command of Captain William Trent in the Pay of the Government of Virginia. That at the Time said Capt Trent received the Govt of Virginia's Orders he was at Redstone Creek about thirty seven Miles from where Fort Du Quesne is now built and was erecting a Stone House for the Ohio Company. That when said Trent received the Governor's Instructions to raise a Company, he dispatched Messengers to several parts of the Country where the Indian Traders lived there being no other Inhabitants in that part of the Country except four or five Families who had lately settled there and were upwards of Sixty Miles from the inhabited Part of the Country. That one of said Messengers employed by Captain Trent came to the place where this Dept was and informed him of said Trent having received such Instructions and upon the *Half King and Monacatoothas receiving advice that said Trent had orders to raise a Company of men, they sent him a Message to come immediately and

* Tanacharison.

build a Fort at the Forks of Monongahela and Ohio and that they would assist him as soon as they could gather their People. On receiving such Message said Trent got Rafts made and every other thing necessary for his march and accordingly did march with what few men he had then raised, in order to meet the Indians as they requested. That the said Capt Trent had then erected but not quite finished a strong square log house with Loop Holes sufficient to have made a good Defence with a few men and very convenient for a Store House where Stores might be lodged in order to be transported by water to the place where Fort Du Quesne now stands. That the Building this Store House was paid for by Captain Trent, who at that Time was Factor for the Ohio Company and had orders to build said Store House to lodge Stores which were intended for the Building a Fort where Fort Du Quesne now stands for the Ohio Company which Store House was soon after completed by Workmen employed by said Capt Trent for that purpose. That Captain Trent marched from Redstone Creek to the mouth of Monongahela where a number of Indians of different nations met him at which Time and place this Deponent was present having met Captain Trent on his march and received his Commission as Ensign from him. Captain Trent on meeting with the Indians made a Speech to them and delivered them a present which was sent by the *Governor of Virginia. After the treaty was finished Capt Trent laid out the Fort and cleared the Ground and got some logs squared upon which the Chiefs of the Six Nations then present went with us to the Ground and laid the first log and said that Fort belonged to the English and them and whoever offered to prevent the Building of it they the Indians would make war against them. That Captain Trent left the Inhabitants and crossed the Mountains in the middle of winter and brought a quantity of Flour and Indian Meal with him on horseback over the Mountains with great Difficulty Those Mountains being impassible in the Winter if deep Snows happen. The great concourse of Indians that gathered at that Time during the Treaty were maintained by Captain Trent out of the Flour and Indian Meal he took with him and depended

* Dinwiddie.

upon the Indians killing meat for him. For which purpose he took with him a large quantity of goods to pay for it to the Delaware Indians they being the only Indians who lived adjoining to the place where the Fort was Building and could not be prevailed upon to hunt tho often applied to and offered great prices for any kind of meat they could bring in even seven shillings and six pence for a Turkey. At this time the Indians were much inclined to the French but were afraid to declare in their favour. We lived upon flour and Indian Meal chiefly while it lasted, sometimes getting a Turkey at a very extravagant rate. After the flour and meal was gone we lived chiefly upon Indian Corn, all that could be got we purchased. Mr. Gist sent word that Major Washington with a Detachment of the Virginia Regiment were on their march to join us and would be with us in a few days and we also received the same account from several other persons. Captain Trent waited a long Time, till our provisions got scarce having nothing but Indian Corn, not even salt to eat with it. And that growing scarce very little of it to be purchased and the weather wet the men were not able to work being very weak by having nothing but corn to eat. Upon this Captain Trent sat off for the Inhabitants to see to get some Relief and I understand that when he came to his House which was within Fifty Miles of Winchester near where Fort Cumberland now stands, that there was no account from the Regiment nor any Detachment from it nor any Provisions sent up there and that Said Captain Trent provided a Quantity of Provisions and was determined to join the Company and wait the coming of the Regiment. That the Day before he proposed setting off he received a letter from Major Washington desiring him not to leave the Inhabitants till he saw him as he wanted his advice and the day they got back to Captain Trent's House, they received the news of about eleven hundred Indians and French having come down the Ohio and taken possession of the Fort our People were Building. And this Deponent further saith he understood that the Detachment of one hundred and fifty Men of the Virginia Regiment under Major Washington had been but two Days at Captain Trent's House before we came in from the Ohio, and this Deponent further saith that he found them very ill pro-

vided being obliged to make use of the Flour purchased by Captain Trent, and that afterwards they were supplied with Powder and Lead by said Trent and George Croghan Esqr, otherwise they would not have had ammunition to make the least Defence that Day the French Defeated them. The Men under the command of Captain Trent had received no pay but what he paid them. The Government intending to pay them as the Soldiers belonging to the Regiment were paid, though they were raised as Militia, agreeable to the Act of Assembly then in force. The want of their pay and the usage made them refuse to serve upon any other Footing. And this Deponent further saith that there was no Fort but a few Palisadoes he ordered to be cut and put up four Days before the French came down. And this Deponent further saith, that he often heard Captain Trent say that he did not want a commission. That his Business was better than any Commission and what he did was to serve his Country and that if he could get the Fort finished he would be satisfied. And this Deponent further saith that the Soldiers who were willing to work were paid by Captain Trent at the expence of the Ohio Company, and he had often heard Captain Trent say it was no matter so the Country was secured for his Majesty which was his view who was at the expence of the Fort as he had orders from the Ohio Company to build a Fort and none from the Government to build any. And this Deponent further saith that the Indians gave Captain Trent encouragement that they would join him and drive the French off the Ohio, but upon finding how backward the Governor of Virginia was in sending Troops there, the Indians told Captain Trent that for what men he had with him, they looked upon them as no addition to their strength, as they had long lived among them, looked upon them all one as themselves but if the Virginians joined them, which they saw no signs of they would then join heartily and that the Half King desired Captain Trent to go to the Inhabitants and forward the Troops and Provisions, and this Deponent further saith that after Captain Trent left the Fort in order to go to the Inhabitants and hurry out the Troops and Provisions and recruit his company that Mr Gist came to the Fort and desired him to send some men with him to bring down a Quantity of Provi-

sions which were laying at Redstone Creek. That this Deponent then sent a number of men up the Monongahela for said Provisions. That he understood afterwards there were no Provisions there and that before the men who were sent for them got back, the French came down and obliged this Deponent to surrender he having no place of Defence but a few Pallisadoes which he had ordered to be put up four days before upon hearing the French were coming down and that he had no Provisions but a little Indian Corn and but forty one Soldiers and Workmen and Travelers who happened to be there at the Time and the French Eleven hundred (in Number) and the Deponent saith he saw several pieces of Cannon pointed at the Fort within Musket shot but could not tell the Number but was afterwards told by the Indians there were nine pieces of Cannon.

(Signed,)

EDWARD WARD.

NOTE.—Governor Dinwiddie intended to call the Fort "Prince George."

From manuscript collection of William M. Darlington.

Contributed by M. O'H. Darlington, Pittsburg Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.







ROSA WRIGHT SMITH,
REGISTRAR, C. A. R.

OFFICERS, C. A. R.

ROSA WRIGHT SMITH,

REGISTRAR.

ROSE WRIGHT SMITH is Registrar of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution. She was formerly Registrar General and ex-Corresponding Secretary General of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

She is the daughter of General H. G. Wright, ex-Chief of Engineers, United States Army, and last commander of the "Old Sixth Corps" during the late war.

She is descended through her father from the following New England families: Revolutionary ancestors, Elderkin Chapman, Grinnell, Griswold, and Alden.

Through her mother the following are her Revolutionary ancestors from Virginia: Bradford, Slaughter, Carter, Hill, Armistead, Ludlow, Byrd, and Clayton.

Mrs. Smith has from the beginning of the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution taken great interest in the well-being of the Society, and in every capacity to which she has been called she has served with unflagging zeal and marked intelligence.

The Children's Society must be congratulated that she has taken upon her the arduous duty of Registrar. We know her work, and so we bespeak for the new Society great success in her department.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH LEE MANN,

SECRETARY.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH LEE MANN was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and came to Washington, District of Columbia, to reside when she was six years old.

She is the wife of Charles Addison Mann, Esq., originally of Utica, New York; Yale, 1856; a member of the Society of the

Sons of the Revolution in the District of Columbia, and of the Society of Colonial Wars.

She is the daughter of William Barlow Lee and Ann Whitman.

She is No. 1095 in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and served as Registrar General from March 5, 1894, to February, 1895. Member of the Advisory Board for 1895.

She is Secretary of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, and a member of the Society of Colonial Dames, District of Columbia, No. 55.

Mrs. Mann is descended on her father's side from John Howland and John Tilley, of the Mayflower; Hon. Peter Palfrey, one of the founders of Salem, Massachusetts, Representative, 1632; Thomas Roberts, Governor of New Hampshire from 1640; Hon. Henry Woodhouse, Representative of Concord, Massachusetts, 1685-90-92; ensign, quartermaster, and lieutenant, King Philip's War; Captain John Gorham, the Indian fighter; and from Colonel William Palfrey aid-de-camp to General Washington, March 6, 1776, paymaster general, and lieutenant colonel in Continental Army July 9, 1776.

On her mother's side from William Mullins and John Alden, of the Mayflower; Hon. Samuel Bass, of Quincy, Massachusetts, Representative twelve years; and from Colonel Israel Hutchinson, who was with General Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham; commanded a company at Lexington; was colonel at the siege of Boston, at Lake George, and Ticonderoga; was at the occupation of Fort Hill, the occupation of Dorchester Heights, the occupation of Forts Lee and Washington, and with Washington's army at the crossing of the Delaware.



MRS. MARY E. LEE MANN,
SECRETARY, C. A. R.

MRS. VIOLET BLAIR JANIN,*

TREASURER.

MRS. JANIN was born in the city of Washington, in one of the historic homes, that of the grandfather, General Thomas S. Jesup, United States Army. Her father was James Blair, an officer of the United States Navy, son of Francis Preston Blair (editor of the *Globe*), a great friend of Jackson's, and a household name in Washington. James Blair was brother to Hon. Montgomery Blair, who was Postmaster General for Abraham Lincoln, and of Frank P. Blair, of Missouri, who served his country as General and Senator, and ran as Democratic candidate for Vice President with Mr. Seymour.

No more patriotic name can grace the roll of the Daughters of the American Revolution than that of Blair. Mrs. Janin can well congratulate herself that "every line of her ancestry" proved themselves patriots in the colonial and Revolutionary days as well as since then, for from the time the first Englishmen settled in Virginia, there has not been a war in this land in which her blood did not take part in preserving the Nation.

Her great-grandfathers, General Gist, Major Croghan, and Major Jessup, and two great-great-grandfathers, as well as more than a dozen great-great-uncles, took part in the Revolution.

Mrs. Janin married some years ago Albert Covington Janin, of St. Bernard Parish, Louisiana.

She belongs in Washington to that conservative set known as the "Old Washington Set." She has been a student all her life, especially of languages, reading and writing twenty-seven, and with this it is unnecessary to say has come a ripe scholarship.

She is now Treasurer of the Children's Society, and for the fifth time registrar of the Mary Washington Chapter, of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and also chairman of the Committee of Admission in the District of Columbia Society of Colonial Dames.

It is very evident to careful observers that the officers of the Children's Society have been chosen wisely and well.

* The Editor regrets her inability to procure a picture of Mrs. Janin, on account of illness and absence from the city.

MRS. T. H. ALEXANDER,

SEVENTH VICE PRESIDENT.

MRS. ALEXANDER was the first delegate to represent Washington City in the Continental Congress. This was in 1892. Immediately after, she took her place on the National Board as Vice President. When this service was completed she was elected Regent of the District, and held office until February, 1894; then declining reëlection, also nomination for other positions on the Board. The first part of her work for the Society was at a time when the National Officers were thoroughly united in aims and methods, and therefore never discouraged, although the demands upon their time and tact were great and unceasing. The latter part was during the excitement and strain of disputed questions, hotly contested, and while new, untrained officers were taking places. Through it all, Mrs. Alexander proved herself not only a woman of rare ability, tact, and courtesy, but fearless in duty, unswerving in integrity, and thoroughly self-controlled in all situations. No wonder that when the Society of "Children of the American Revolution" was formed, she was among the first secured by Mrs. Lothrop, as a coworker in the cause.

Her personality is as charming as her character is admirable. Dark, bright eyes; finely cut features, framed in snowy hair; a winning smile and gracious manner, and better than all the rest, the subtle influence that always accompanies gentle breeding and kindliness of nature.

H. M. B.





MRS. T. H. ALEXANDER,
SEVENTH VICE PRESIDENT, C. A. R.

EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

THE meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Atlanta the 18th and 19th of October promises to be one of great interest. It is hoped that every member who can go to the exposition will take that week so as to be present at the meetings. The speakers for the occasion are published below, also a letter to our corresponding secretary, showing something of the plans laid out by the ladies of Atlanta for the entertainment of the visiting guests to whom to apply for accommodations while there and railroad service.

Speakers for the meetings at Atlanta have been appointed as follows:

MORNING SESSION—10 TO 12.30.

"Opening Address," Mrs. John W. Foster.

"Our History," Miss Eugenia Washington, Virginia. *Alternate*, Mrs. John R. Putnam, New York.

"Committees of one," Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee, District of Columbia. *Alternate*, Mrs. Mary Orr Earle, South Carolina.

"National Hymn," Mrs. Cuthbert H. Slocumb, Connecticut. *Alternate*, Miss Janet Richards, Maryland.

"Our Magazine," Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, District of Columbia. *Alternate*, Mrs. Wm. S. Stryker, New Jersey.

"Patriotism," Mrs. Donald McLean, New York. *Alternate*, Mrs. Julius C. Burrows, Michigan.

AFTERNOON SESSION—2 TO 4.30.

"Opening Address," Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, Illinois. *Alternate*, Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot, Illinois.

"Colonial Hall," Mrs. Joshua Wilbour, Rhode Island. *Alternate*, Mrs. Wm. F. Slocum, Jr., Colorado.

"Influence of Patriotic Societies," Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes, Tennessee. *Alternate*, Mrs. James B. Clarke, Texas.

"Children of the American Revolution," Mrs. Daniel Loth-

rop, Massachusetts. *Alternate*, Mrs. Mary Harrison McKee, Indiana.

"Our Common Ancestry," Mrs. V. K. Maddox, California.

COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

ATLANTA, GA., *August 26, 1895.*

MRS. MARY ORR EARLE,

Cor. Sec. Gen., D. A. R.,

41 College st., Greenville, S. C.

DEAR MADAM: Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, our chairman, requests me to say to you, that if you will write to Mr. Alexander W. Smith, chairman of "Comfort," that he will give you every particular about rooms, rates, &c. Write Mr. J. G. Oglesby, chairman of transportation, to secure information concerning railroad rates.

There is to be a beautiful reception the evening of the 18th of October, complimentary to the Daughters, and two afternoon receptions.

Trusting nothing will occur to prevent your being with us at that time, and with kindest regards from Mrs. Gordon and myself,

I am sincerely yours,

(Signed)

MARY L. McLENDEN,

Cor. and Ex-Sec. Com. on Women's Congress.

130 Washington St.

NEW BOOKS.

AMONG the new books just published we are glad to speak of a little gem, "A Tribute in Song from Virginia Women to Georgia," published under the auspices of the Virginia Department of Women Workers for the Cotton States and International Exhibition, Atlanta, 1895, and edited by one of our members, Mary Stuart Smith.

Many of the sweet singers of the Old Dominion have added their quota to this little offering. The editor aptly says, "This little volumn voices the true friendship between the sister States of Georgia and Virginia which it is believed this exposition will go far toward strengthening and rendering perpetual."

THERE has just been published by the Department of Heraldry of the Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co., and compiled by Eugene Zeiber, a book of "Ancestry," which gives the names and objects of the patriotic societies of America.

It is enough to say of the exquisite mechanism of this book that it came from the hand of Eugene Zeiber, with whose work many of our Society are familiar.

* * * * *

"RECORDS of the Revolutionary War"—containing the military and financial correspondence of distinguished officers; names of officers and privates of regiments, companies, and corps, with the dates of their commissions and enlistments; general orders of Washington, Lee, and Green at Germantown and Valley Forge; with a list of distinguished prisoners of war, the time of their capture, exchange, etc.; to which is added the half pay acts of the Continental Congress, the Revolutionary pension laws, and a list of the officers of the Continental Army who acquired the right to half pay, commutation, and lands, has come to our table, and can hereafter be seen in our record rooms at headquarters. This valuable collection of matter was edited by Charles C. Saffell, of Baltimore.

* * * * *

OBSERVATIONS on the inhabitants, climate, soil, &c., made by Mr. John Bertram, in his travels from Pennsylvania to Onondago, Oswego, and to Lake Ontario, in Canada, to which is annexed a curious account of the cataracts of Niagara, by Mr. Peter Kalm, a Swedish gentleman, who traveled there. This quaint and interesting book was printed in London, in 1751.

Three hundred copies have been re-printed for George Perkins Humphrey, of Rochester, New York, 1895.

It is a diary kept during the journey. In the preface we find this: Knowledge must precede a settlement and when Pennsylvania and Virginia shall have extended their habitations to the branches of the Mississippi, that waters these provinces on the west side of the Blue Mountains, we may reasonably hope to insure a safe and easy communication with the most remote known parts of North America, and to secure possession of a dominion unbounded by any present discoveries.

It also says, that Mr. Kalm's narrative of his travels to the

Falls of Niagara is a proper supplement to the journey to Oswego; his voyage begins from that place and carries us on farther in the search of everything worthy our notice in this country. His account is of great value, for it is the only account in our language of this stupendous object.

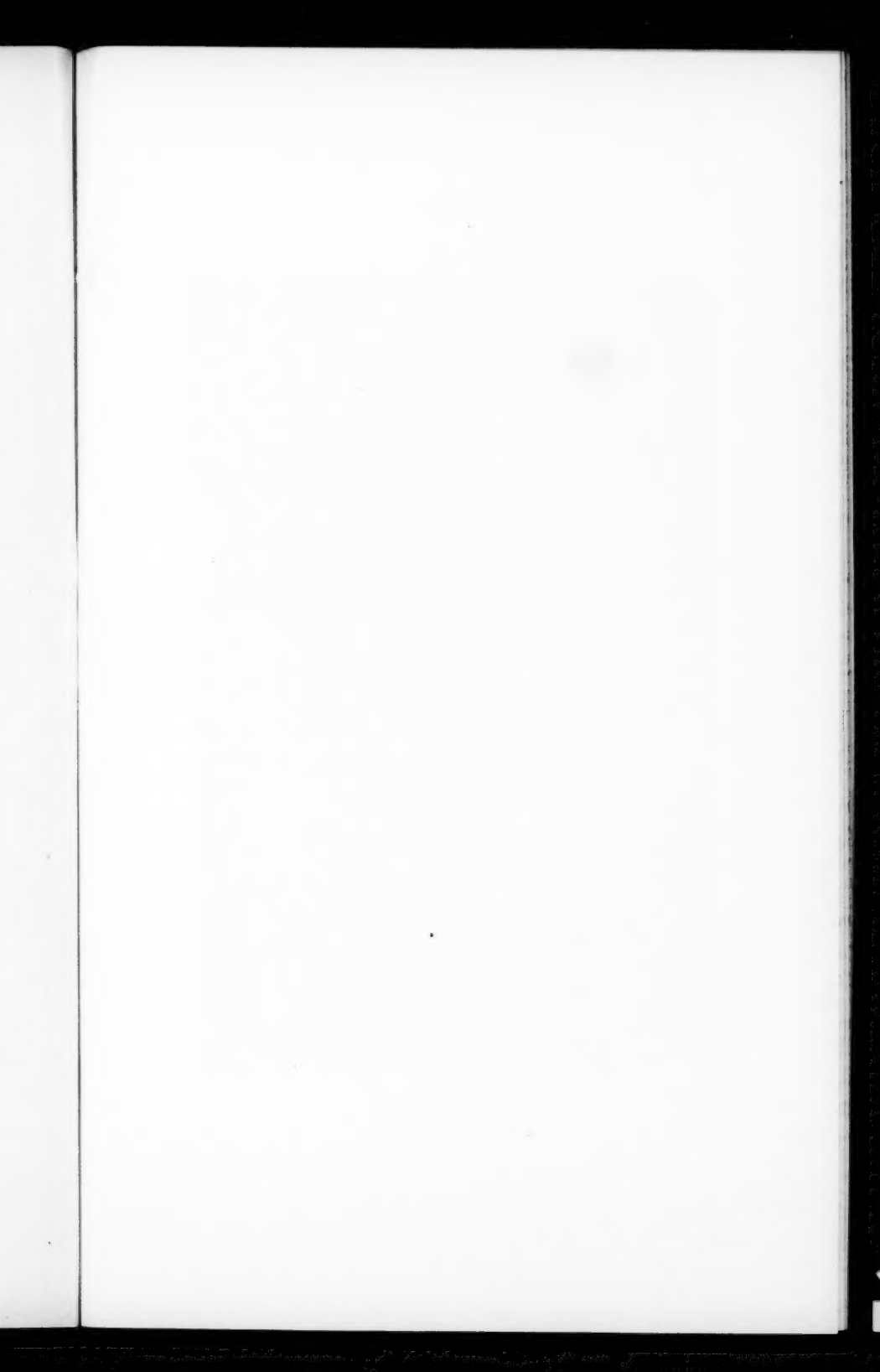
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THE latest announced New York society novel is "Fate at the Door," by Mrs. James Mead Belden (*née* Jessie Van Zile), of Syracuse, which was issued by the Lippincotts early in July. Both the Beldenes and Van Ziles are families of position, widely known in New York city and throughout the State. Mrs. Belden is the daughter of the late Oscar E. Van Zile, of Troy, and her brother is already well known in literature. She graduated at St. Agnes' School, Albany, and has spent much time in travel, both in Europe and in this country. She is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and of the Emma Willard Association. Her literary style is the reflection of a charming personality, and her love for music has evidently inspired some of the best situations in the present volume.

WE call attention to the railroad advertisement in this issue of the Magazine, showing the routes, time, and rates to Atlanta.

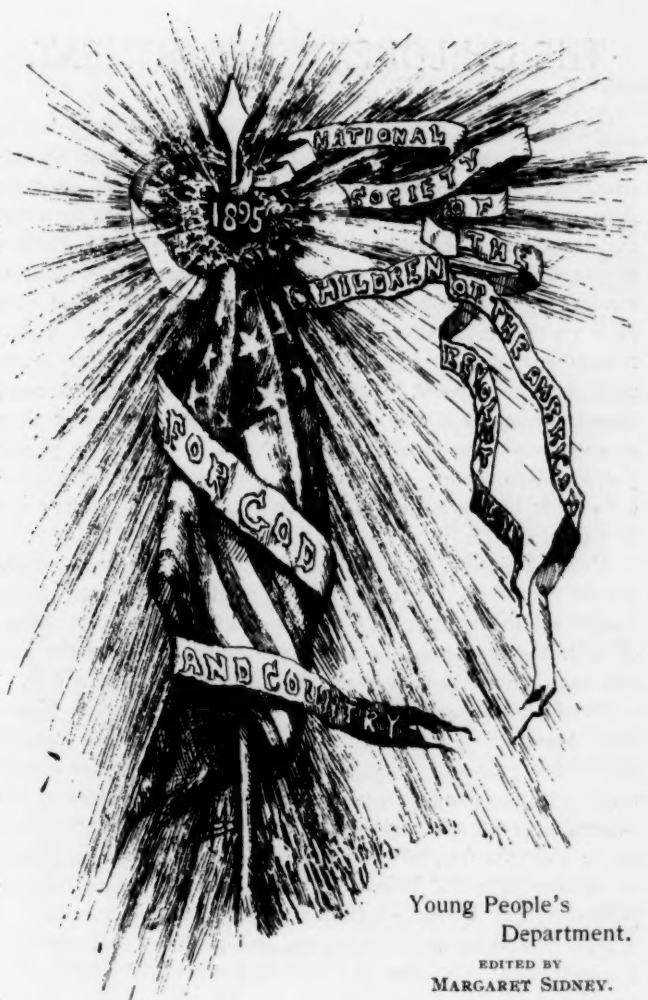
It is hoped that the members and their friends will try to meet in Washington and go to Atlanta the same day, probably October 15th. Arrangements can be made here by those who will be put in charge to secure sleeping car accommodations, &c., to all who will apply at headquarters, Ninth & F streets.

THE Editor of this Magazine is in no way responsible for sentiments or history that appear in its pages over the names of the writer. If incorrect data appear, it is subject to correction over the name of any one who sends it in, and the Editor solicits such correction, and quite likely no one would accept a correction more heartily than the writer who makes an error.





MRS. DANIEL LATHROP,
PRESIDENT, C. A. R.



Young People's
Department.

EDITED BY
MARGARET SIDNEY.

MAY WHITNEY EMERSON, ARTIST.

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

WE are making a vigorous effort to issue this Magazine at an early date each month. We trust that all our correspondents, and those sending information as to Societies, or other *Mss.*, will forward promptly, so that the Children's Department may be on time. Let it be our first duty to *be prompt*. Prompt people always accomplish so much more, and it is the greatest kindness one can render to those with whom one works, that each bit of service should be done in its own time. Please remember this, and send in contributions early. Our motto shall be—*Be prompt*. The last number, being the second issued during the month of August, in order to change date to an early one for each month was obliged to curtail its young people's department. But we shall make up for it in the interest of our future issues, especially if we can all observe our new motto, "Be Prompt."

We are delighted to announce that the children and young people are finely taking hold of this department which we expect all together we will make one of the very best things of its kind before long, for there is nothing that patriotic girls and boys cannot do if they set their minds to it with a will.

The *Mss.* and notices and items are coming in fast. Meantime there are many young people at work all over the country on various pieces of work, such as discovering the names and services of boys and girls who helped forward the cause of Independence, bits of local history, or tradition, and many other facts. And the best of it is, that we receive from young people of all ages, splendid letters of spontaneous delight in the department, and a determination to contribute to it.

Now remember that the stories, and questions and answers, the notices of Societies, and any and every other item, will be printed in the order in which they are sent to this department. So be prompt with your contributions and news bulletins, and whatever you wish to see in these columns.

THE programme of the great celebration at Fort Griswold, Connecticut, September 6, in which five Societies of Children of the American Revolution belonging to that State, and the Society from Westerly, Rhode Island, took part, will be given in our next number. Also the report of the placing of a tablet by two Societies of Children of the American Revolution on the tree under which Whitfield preached in 1747.

BOARD of State Promoters for Indiana, as recorded by Mrs. Mary Harrison McKee: Gov. and Mrs. Claude Matthews, Hon. Benjamin Harrison, Hon. Will Cunback, Col. and Mrs. R. S. Robertson, and Mr. and Mrs. Chapin C. Foster.

SPEECH OF MR. NATHAN APPLETON, VICE PRESIDENT
MASSACHUSETTS SONS OF THE AMERICAN
REVOLUTION,

AT THE OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE, BOSTON, JULY 4, 1895,
ON THE OCCASION OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE
"CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION."

Mrs. President General, Children of the American Revolution, Ladies and Gentlemen: The recent awakening of patriotism which has taken possession of our people has certainly been greatly aided and stimulated by Societies like the one which has brought us here to-day. All over the country persons are trying to find out what ancestors they had who took part in the war which established our independence, and what were their services, while the various towns are vying with each other to see how many graves they have on which the marker or emblem of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution can be placed.

And on this occasion I do not think that I can touch on any topic which may be of more interest than some description of the marker itself, and the history of its adoption by the Society and its general use, giving also a short account of my visit to Paris last autumn, where, on October 19, the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the surrender of Yorktown, I had the privilege as delegate of the Massachusetts Society of placing one of them at the grave of Lafayette in the Picpus Cemetery.

The marker which you see before you is copied almost exactly from the reverse of the badge of the Society which I have here.

It is taken from the cross of Saint Louis with some changes, and nothing could be more appropriate, as you will remember that it was during the reign of Louis XVI of France, who was Grand Master of the Order, that Lafayette and the other Frenchmen of the country and navy came to the

struggling Colonies and gave us the assistance we so much needed at the time.

In the center of the cross you will see the "Minute man," a copy of the fine statute by Daniel C. French, which stands by the Concord bridge where was "fired the shot heard round the world" on April 19, 1775.

The matter was dismissed by the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Society. At a meeting in the summer of 1890, then the first idea of placing some mark by the graves of soldiers, sailors, and patriots of the American Revolution first had expression in the town of Acton, Massachusetts, where, at the suggestion of one fellow-member, Reuben Law Reed, and aided by two posts of the Grand Army of the Republic on Memorial Day, 1892, some simple wooden markers were put by the graves of those who were known to have taken part in the war for Independence. This also was done at the neighboring town of Stow on the Fourth of July of that same year.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Society held in Wesleyan Hall, Boston, February 8, 1893, to take action in relation to having the 19th of April made a State holiday, the Rev. Carlton Albert Staples, of Lexington, suggested that it would be well to have some way of marking the graves, and also of placing in town halls or libraries tablets with the names and services of those who had honored the history of the town by what they had done in the Revolutionary War. A committee was appointed for this with Mr. Staples as chairman, and at the annual meeting of the Society, April 19 of that year, made a report on the subject. From this came the appointment of a committee, of which I was made chairman, to prepare some special design to be placed in cemeteries. After a great deal of work and care I found the firm of M. D. Jones & Co., could do just what we wanted, that is, reproduce the badge of the Society in bronze or iron and at such a price as would make it easily available to all cities, towns or individuals. A design was presented at the meeting of the Society held at Marblehead, October 19, 1893, and it was voted to adopt it, and also to order fifty of them in behalf of the Society. So now it became an accomplished fact, and preparations were made to bring them to the notice of municipal authorities that the work of placing them in the graveyards could be initiated on the new Patriots Day, April 19, 1894, which was done. I should have stated that on this day, 1893, small American flags with the letters S. A. R. were placed by patriotic citizens at Revolutionary graves in several of our towns. You will notice that the marker has on the three upper arms of the cross the letters S. A. R., which can stand for a soldier or sailor of the American Revolution, or if you please for *Son* or *Society*, making it very comprehensive, at the same time clearly fixing the name of our organization as that of the American Revolution.

At the meeting of the National Society, held at Washington, D. C., April 30, 1894, the marker was officially adopted by the Society, and since that time has come into general use. Hundreds of them have been placed in Massachusetts, and they are fast going to other States, an

order recently having come from Alexandria, Va., while there is one in Chicago of an old soldier of the war who settled and died in the young city of the lake.

On April 19, 1894, in Concord, where you reside, Mrs. President General, the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution held its annual meeting, and saw with satisfaction the many markers which dotted the old cemetery on the hill which had just been placed there especially through the efforts of our President, Hon. Edwin Shephard Barrett.

On June 7 of that year, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, several of us placed markers on all the graves that could be identified in Copp's Hill, King's Chapel, and Granary, and Boston Common, and on the Fourth of July the work was continued in some of the cemeteries of what is now known as "Greater Boston;" I mean the old suburbs of Roxbury, Dorchester, and Jamaica Plains. For this the city government had appropriated a certain sum of money.

But the most interesting event with which I personally have been identified in this direction was my appointment as delegate of the Massachusetts Society last summer to take one of the bronze markers and place it by the grave of Lafayette.

Our old ally and friend of Washington lies buried with his wife in the little cemetery of Picpus, in what is now part of Paris, but was formerly in the suburbs. I found that he had from thirty to forty descendants living, but all of them in the female line, coming either from his daughters or granddaughters, as the two sons of George Washington Lafayette, both of whom died many years ago, were never married, and with them the male line ceased. The government of France, however, to perpetuate his venerated name has authorized two of the descendants in the female line to take the name of Lafayette, the older of them being Mr. Gaston de Sohume, with the name Lafayette added, and the other, Mr. de Pusy Lafayette. The former of these was present at the ceremony, and accepted in behalf of the family with a short speech the marker, which I confided to him to be placed by the grave of his great-great-grandfather. There were several other representatives of the family and quite a gathering of French and American ladies and gentlemen and several children. The place will be more and more a place of pilgrimage for Americans traveling in Europe.

And now as I gaze with admiration at this living flag of girls, doubtless some of them eligible to the new Society of the Children of the American Revolution, who will later have to take up and continue our great work of identifying the graves of their patriotic ancestors, and placing the marker by them and decorating them with flags and flowers, my thoughts revert to a ceremony held in this same Old South Meeting House the evening of June 14, 1877, the centennial of the adoption by vote of Congress of the Stars and Stripes as the flag of our country, when the very flag of Fort McHenry was here on my right, the other side of the pulpit

from you flag of girls in red, white, and blue, the centennial of Yorktown were here in 1881, I placed it with the American flag over the door of my brother, Thomas Gold Appleton's house on Commonwealth avenue. As I was going to France last September with the marker of Lafayette, of which I have spoken, I thought I would take it with me as an appropriate frame or background for the marker in the case in which it went. So at Picpus Cemetery I placed it on the railing of the Lafayette lot, where an American flag, which had been left from time previous celebration, was floating over the grave as I made my speech, and paid my tribute to the hero of whom we Americans owe so much; a debt which we can never more than pay in sentiment and gratitude.

The Republic of France was the natural result of ours, and in concluding I would ask you always to link them together in your thoughts and feelings, the same those colors of red, white, and blue in their flags, the promoters of progress and the hope of generations yet unborn. Republics bound by the strong ties of the past, with its many sacrifices, let us strive to act up to this history and be shining examples to other nations of what a government of the people to and can be. Our responsibility is great, and nothing can help us appreciate it more keenly than just such a meeting as this.

THE address of Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., author of "America," at the Old South Meeting House, Boston, July 4, will be given in a future number.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

THE THOMAS STARR SOCIETY, GROTON, CONNECTICUT.

FIFTEEN children of lineal descent from Revolutionary patriots assembled at "Woodledge," the residence of Mrs. Susan S. Meech, at Eastern Point, Groton, Connecticut, Saturday, June 15, for the purpose of forming a local Society of the Children of the American Revolution. Miss Susan Billings Meech, who has been chosen by the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, to act as the first President of this Society, spoke briefly to the interested and enthusiastic children of the objects and aims of the new organization, and of their duties and privileges in connection therewith.

The officers were chosen from among the older members and unanimously accepted by the children. Louis Schellens Avery is Secretary; Bethiah Williams Spicer, Registrar; Edmund Spicer, Treasurer; Carrie Perkins Bailey, Historian; and Mary Avery, Corresponding Secretary.

It having been suggested by Mrs. Lothrop that local Societies should be named after some boy or girl who did patriotic service in connection with the early struggles of our country, the President suggested several names to the children, but did not try to influence their choice. There

was a pleasing diversity of opinion, the vote of the majority being for Thomas Starr, a youth of eighteen who died in the service of his country in the cruel massacre at Fort Griswold.

Patriotic songs were sung, and after deciding to come together again on Independence Day, for a business meeting and picnic combined, with music and patriotic exercises, light refreshments were served, and the party of young people separated.

At half past ten, on the morning of the Fourth, the children again assembled at the home of their President, together with their invited guests, the children of the Shinicomet School District. Although the rain, which poured steadily all day, disappointed their hopes of a picnic on the lawn, their ardor was not damped; they entered into the exercises with spirit and enjoyment.

With the exception of an address by their President, "Why Independence was Declared," the programme of entertainment was carried out by the children themselves. It consisted of patriotic songs, brief accounts of some of the leading signers of the Declaration of Independence, recitations, and readings. A lunch was provided for the children in the dining room, after which they broke up for a general good time.

At three o'clock they again united to receive the Thomas Avery Society of Poquonoc, the second to organize in New London County, and the ladies of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, committee for organization of Societies of the Children of the American Revolution, with children about to join the Societies then forming. There was singing, the Declaration of Independence was read, several of the children reciting the last clause in concert. Mrs. Cuthbert H. Slocomb then addressed the children. As souvenirs of their first celebration of the Fourth as a Society she presented them with flags containing the words and music of the new "Song of Liberty," by Charlotte W. Hawes. This song was sung at both the morning and afternoon exercises. About forty-five were present.

Another meeting was held August 2, when the study of the early history of Groton and New London was taken up. Papers are to be written on John Winthrop, and the founding of New London, and on Uncas, the chief of the Mohegans.

Several new applications for membership have been received, and if all these children prove to be as bright, and as interested, and good mannered as the present members of the Thomas Starr Society, there is a glorious promise of patriotism, and cultivated manhood and womanhood in the future citizenship of this little corner of Connecticut.

ANNE MEECH,

Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, D. A. R.

July 2d.

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP:

I write just a few lines to tell you that the New London Society is formed—has the name of "Jonathan Brooks," and has forty-two members. The enclosed slips will explain the reason for adopting it. I want also to tell

you that having seen your letter to Mrs. Slocomb, begging us to either send a delegation to Boston, or else meet and sing the patriotic songs at the same hour, we decided to do the latter. With the help of three or four assistants we have arranged to meet between nine and ten o'clock in the old courthouse, built in 1784, and have patriotic music and an address to the children. I have engaged an orchestra of six or eight instruments to arrange the music of "The Song of Liberty," dedicated to your Concord Society, and the children will sing it and wave their flags, which we hope will arrive in time from Boston; if not, we will use others for that purpose. We have had some copies of the words made by the typewriter. I think the "Jonathan Brooks" Society, Children of the American Revolution, will have many applicants after the exercises on the Fourth.

My thoughts will be with you in the Old South on Thursday, and I shall long to be there.

Sincerely yours,

GRACE T. ARMS,

Crocker House, New London, Conn.

JONATHAN BROOKS SOCIETY.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

MONDAY, July 1, a meeting the Society of the Children of the American Revolution was held in the parlor of the Crocker house to decide upon a name for the new Society. After singing some patriotic songs a paper was read, written by Edmund Johnston, a lad of eleven years, son of Mayor Johnston. The name of Jonathan Brooks was chosen for the Society, which already consisted of forty-two members. The following officers have been chosen: Secretary, Richard Smith; Treasurer, Henry Smith; Registrar, Alice C. Stanton; Historian, William Cleveland Crump; Assistant Historian, Edmund Johnston.

JONATHAN BROOKS.

On the morning of the 5th of September, 1871, a British fleet of twenty-four sails was discovered entering the harbor of New London. Mr. Brooks, who belonged to what was called the Independent company in the militia, and was also a business man, rose at early dawn and walked down to the bank, which was the lookout fort he harbor, where he saw the enemy's fleet. Returning to the house he told his son Jonathan to get the horse from the pasture as soon as possible. This he did, and his father, taking some valuables with him, rode off to find a place of safety for his family. Jonathan's two little brothers, Nathan, seven years of age, and John, about five, were to drive the cow, and his mother and sister were to go there with all possible speed.

Mr. Brooks then armed himself and mounted his horse, taking Jonathan with him to ride the horse back. This is the story of the lad of seventeen who was the last person to leave the town. Mounted on the horse with

his father they rode by the fort gate on the lower road meaning to go to the lighthouse, but finding the enemy's craft so near in shore they took to the heights opposite. Not knowing the way they came to a swamp where the horse stuck fast, so they had to dismount and get the horse out of the mire. While there a shot passed through the thicket where they stood and cut off several saplings. Whether it was a chance shot or not they did not know, but they kept on to the crossroads, falling in with about one hundred volunteer soldiers armed and equipped. Some of them wanted to fight at any odds, but Captain Nathaniel Saltonstall said: "Gentlemen, I for one will not be such a fool as to stand here and be shot down by the first volley of the enemy's fire."

By his advice they divided into two parties, taking the stone wall for shelter, and Benedict Arnold and his army were much annoyed by them. Jonathan's father told him to go home and await the coming of the British or himself. Returning home he sat on a stone wall waiting to see the red coats, who were entering Bradley street. This street at that time contained twelve or fifteen humble dwellings which escaped the burning, and was afterwards called the "Widows' Row." His mother, whom he supposed was safe in the country, now appeared at the door and gave him some valuable papers and told him to take them to his uncle's house on the Norwick road, saying, "Go, my son, and I will follow after you." He had not gone fifty rods before the muskets sounded about him. He moved quickly on, and at the head of the cove found the fleeing women and children leaving their homes. When he turned the corner into the Cohansey road the bullets flew over his head. He just went clear of them. The enemy were in possession of Post Hill. He rode up a narrow path which has since been called Brooks street in honor of him. In about an hour his mother arrived at his uncle's, but his two little brothers were not there, so to comfort his mother he rode away to find them, until he was right into the frenzy himself thinking they were burned to death. He was stopped by a sentinel who asked, "Where are you going?" "Into New London," he replied. "You cannot go, the enemy are there." He said, "I must and will go." The soldier took him off his horse and led him to the colonel to whom he said, "Will you please let me go?" The colonel replied, "Certainly, my lad." He entered at the north end of the town, passing into Main street, where the heat and smoke were so great he could hardly breathe, but putting on the whip the mare went through. He rode on unharmed, the only person who entered the town while the British occupied it.

It has been said that Jonathan Brooks throughout his long life annually celebrated the 6th of September by delivering his oration, dressed in uniform, at the Groton monument. On one occasion, when there was no one present to hear him, he began in this way, "Attention, universe!"—*Selected.*

EDMUND CLARK JOHNSTON.

We trust some other historian of a Society will follow suit and write another fine paper.—ED.

A Society has been formed in Danvers, Massachusetts; Mrs. Mary C. Emerson, President.

A Society is forming in Billerica, Massachusetts, under the most encouraging conditions.

Also several others to be reported in next number.

OUR QUESTION BOX.

ANSWER TO QUESTION 3, IN JULY NUMBER.

In the July number, a little girl, Margaret Lothrop, of "The Wayside," Concord, asks the following question: "Does any boy or girl know of a younger child taking part in the Revolutionary War than Samuel Bradley, aged eleven years?"

I know of a younger patriot—Alice Stearns, who was but ten years of age when she performed the following patriotic service on the 19th of April of the famous year. When the reports of the movements of the British soldiers reached the Stearns family, the father and eldest son hastened to the place of rendezvous at the center; they were but poorly supplied with ammunition. Alice and her two elder sisters, thirteen and sixteen, melted pewter spoons to make the cartridges, and Alice, being the youngest and smallest of the trio, at great risk of the British bullets, carried the cartridges to her father and brother; also carried them water several times. Alice Stearns, ten years later, married Moses Abbott, the captain of the Bedford company, and was my great-great-grandmother, and my mother, Alice Abbott, was her namesake. A fine portrait of her is extant.

LEON ABBOTT HACKETT.

Hotel Pemberton, Hull, August 1, 1895.

We trust that the other questions will be answered promptly, so that we may have plenty of new ones. We give one this month:

When and why was the title Columbia first used for our country?

THERON J. DAMON,

Concord, Mass.

IN MEMORIAM.

ANNE H. SIMPSON.

ANNE H. SIMPSON, youngest daughter of Mary Crocker and the late Nelson Simpson, of Cambridge, New York, entered into rest May 4, 1895.

The death of Miss Simpson made the first break in the Ondawa Cambridge Chapter, and came to each member with a sense of almost personal bereavement. She was one of the charter members, and at the meeting of organization had been unanimously elected corresponding secretary. Miss Simpson was among those who attended the National Congress, in February, 1895, and returned still more enthusiastic and anxious for the success of the newly formed Chapter that has lost in her a most valuable and efficient member. She was a devoted and unassuming Christian, being for twenty years a member of the Presbyterian Church.

The memory of her Revolutionary forefathers was honored by her in her unselfish spirit and the neverfailing kindness and consideration shown to those about her. She was in truth of those who believe that "Noblesse oblige."

MARTHA H. MCFARLAND,
Corresponding Secretary.

MINERVA BUCK MCKIE.

ENTERED into rest June 27, 1895, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Minerva Buck McKie. She was a daughter of Mina Andrews and Samuel Buck, of West Arlington, Vermont, and was married to William McKie, of Cambridge, New York, in March, 1853. Her husband and daughter survive her.

Mrs. McKie was a lineal descendant of Asa Andrews, of

Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a soldier and patriot of the Revolution. Her father's people were adherents of the English church during colonial days, and were instrumental in the establishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church in their part of New England. Mrs. McKie inherited in a marked degree the energy and zeal of her forbears, and believed that a patriotic spirit was as necessary to the life of the Nation now as in days past.

It was natural then that she should be in fullest sympathy with the aims and interests of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She joined the Brownson Chapter of the Society at Arlington, Vermont, June, 1893, and represented that Chapter at the National Congress in 1894. After her return home she so aroused interest in this patriotic sisterhood that it was determined to form a Chapter in Cambridge.

Mrs. McKie was then transferred and appointed Regent, and on November 8, 1894, a Chapter was organized at her home with seventeen charter members, and received the name of Ondawa Cambridge Chapter.

Mrs. McKie represented her Chapter at the Congress in 1895, and while in Washington contracted the severe cold from which she never fully recovered. Her death is an irreparable loss to the Chapter whose animating spirit she was, but from the increasing interest taken in the association and its aims, it would seem that in this her last effort to foster true patriotism and love of country she had indeed "builded a monument more enduring than bronze."

MARTHA H. MCFARLAND,

Corresponding Secretary.

MRS. MARY E. WOOD.

DIED on Wednesday morning last, one of the good women of Lafayette, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Wood—a true wife, a fond mother, and a noble friend of the deserving. She resided here more than half of a century and was deservedly respected by all who knew her. The young she encouraged to deeds righteous, and many a man has been made better by her prudent counsel. She believed in doing right in all things. To the church she was liberal, and to the needy a substantial benefactor. She

always moved in Lafayette's best social circles, and was one of the city's most hospitable matrons.

Mrs. Woods was a native of New York city, where she was born on April 18, 1814. She married Thomas Wood in 1841, and to the union were born four children, viz:—Jesse K., Thomas D., Mary E., and Nathan S., and all are deceased save Mary E., who was married to Edgar H. Andress in September, 1870. Mr. Wood died on July 17, 1873.

Mrs. Wood's death was caused by infirmities incident to advanced age, and it was not unexpected and she was fully prepared to go. She realized that her end was near and made complete preparations for all details of her funeral, naming those she desired to act at the obsequies; in fact there was not even a minor matter about which she had not given particular direction and for which she had made ample provision.

MRS. ELIZABETH LITTLE TOPP,

AN honorary member of Dolly Madison Chapter, No. 2, Daughters of the American Revolution, passed peacefully and painlessly away on the 4th of June, 1895, after a long, useful, and beautiful life. She was born at Clarksville, Tennessee, June 18, 1818, hence had completed her seventy-seventh year. She was a daughter of Samuel Vance, a prosperous merchant, who, as well as her mother, came of noted Revolutionary ancestry. She was removed to Nashville at an early age, where she had the best of educational and social advantages. At the age of eighteen she married Colonel Robinson Toop, a distinguished citizen of Memphis, at which place, then in the wilderness, he installed her in an elegant home, and in which was reared a large and interesting family. This stately old mansion was for many years noted for the generous hospitality dispensed and as a visiting place for distinguished strangers.

Mrs. Topp was a woman of high culture and was for more than a generation recognized as a social leader. She was a most lovable character and did much to make all around her happy. She was possessed of great energy and determination and was a devoted wife and mother. The late Rev. Dr. Geo.

White, her rector, on one occasion said of her, "No one ever heard Mrs. Topp make an unkind or uncharitable remark about either friend or acquaintance." Her husband died soon after the war. She took a great interest in the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which she became an honorary member, and attended the meetings as often as she could. Two of her daughters, Mrs. William M. Farrington, formerly Regent, and Mrs. Alice Massy are active members of Dolly Madison Chapter, No. 2. In the death of this respected and lovely woman, endeared to so many people, her family, Chapter, church, and friends sustain an irreparable loss. Peace and rest to her sweet soul. All honor to her memory.

MRS. ELIZABETH WALKER HAYS.



